

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVII. No. 2304

and BYSTANDER

London  
August 22, 1945



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LONDON  
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Yvonne Gregory

## Lady Bridget Parsons

Lady Bridget Parsons is the only sister of the Earl of Rosse with whom she has many tastes in common. They share a great love of travelling and are both members of the Georgian Society. Lady Bridget is the daughter of the fifth Earl of Rosse, who died of wounds in action during the first European War, and of the Viscountess de Vesci. During the war years she has been working as a V.A.D. and in the Foreign Office





# Way of the World

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

## Symbolic Litter

THE first, the premature VJ-Day, among all the litter, the old ticker-tapes and papers of an almost unobtainable description, that drably celebrated victory, I happened to notice some firm's tattered cash register for the year 1931. I disapprove intensely of this transatlantic taste for expressing joy by tearing up paper; it seems to drag politics down to the level of a flagpole-sitting championship. Nevertheless for me there was something extraordinarily symbolic in all the futility of that mess and then flashing up from the gutter this date 1931, the year Japan first turned nasty.

## 1931

TILL that moment the world had seemed extraordinarily safe. Was there not the League, was there not something called public opinion to bar the use of violence by all but the mob? Of course, to us in Peking there floated rumours of stock market crashes, and one day the Treasury cut our pay cruelly; a secretary of the Japanese Legation would occasionally grow indiscreet at a party and suggest Japan and England should join to chastise those impudent Chinese. But one paid little attention and went back to Cocteau and Firbank, Mozart or Cole Porter. Then one golden September morning we woke to find the Japanese seizing Manchuria. Like most of my generation I was brought up to love the Japanese. At the age of five I had a short-haired terrier called Togo, and nannies used to sing:

"Only a little Jappy soldier,  
Only his duty done."

and my father was always talking about prints by Toyokuni, and there was no Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James whose name our butler did not get a chance of mispronouncing. So when the trouble began, why should I have taken them very seriously, any more than any of us did? They seemed so ridiculous. The railway stations were thronged by Japanese generals, poised warily

opposite one another like wrestlers, each on the watch for a chance to get his bow in first; amid the jeers of the Chinese beggars, the Japanese guard carried out absurd military evolutions on the forlorn polo ground outside Legation Quarters; against the dust each soldier wore a kind of bandage across the face which looked as if it had been put there to hide the wound where the nose ought to have been.

## Secret Police

THEIR secret police were of a naïveté almost endearing. Once during the Lytton Commission's investigations in Manchuria, Dr. Wellington Koo, the present Chinese Ambassador to this country was getting from a compatriot some important evidence of Japanese atrocities. A Japanese, obviously a police spy, came in, sat down and began to take notes of the conversation, which was, of course, conducted in Chinese. Dr. Koo and his friend changed to German which both spoke fluently. Presently there came a sound of hissing through the teeth. "Please," said the spy, "what language do you speak?" They told him. A drawn out "sodesca" and more hissing. Then suddenly the spy's face lit up. He rose. "I go," he explained, "to find a colleague who understands German. Please not to say anything important till I return. . . ." One could laugh at stories like this, and one's Chinese friends were at first philosophical: either the League would fix them, or China would, in due course, which meant at least half a century.

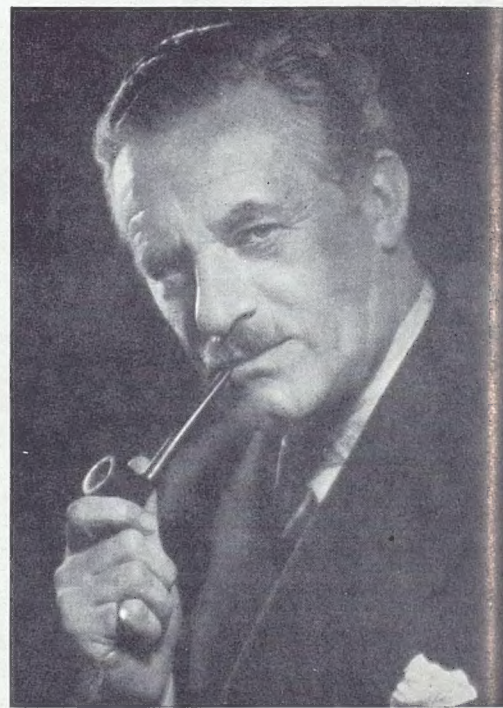
## Prophecies of War

BUT that was before they burned the wretched slums of Shanghai, began openly to bully and torture. By the time we returned to Europe, we could not doubt they would attack us one day. At Japanese dinner-parties the young officers when they got some saki inside them and their faces turned puce and they started to shout, would openly boast how they were going to pounce when

it would hurt us most. And now the Tokyo crowds are wailing before the elegant double bridge which is the nearest they can approach the Imperial Palace.

## The Emperor

I AM thankful we have not attempted to overthrow or unnecessarily humiliate the Emperor. It is refreshing to observe the United Nations actuated for once by good sense, not emotions or some abstract political principle. The Emperor's sanction is the only authority in Japan for legalizing any change of policy. When the military stage one of their petty revolutions, or now when we must rid Japan of the military, the polite fiction is observed that "the Crown must be freed of its evil counsellors." Such a formula was a commonplace of almost every political disturbance in medieval England; indeed it was used as late as Henry VIII's time by the members of that tragic Catholic uprising, the Pilgrimage of Grace. A Tudor statesman like Cardinal Wolsey would have known no difficulty in understanding the peculiar Japanese attitude towards the Throne.



## A New Appointment

Sir Frederick Bain has been appointed a deputy chairman of I.C.I. He has acted as Controller of Chemicals to the Ministry of Supply for the greater part of the war



## Convalescing at Santa Fe

Lieut.-Gen. Sir William George Holmes, Commander of the British Ninth Army in Syria, has been on convalescent leave at Santa Fe where he hopes to make his future home. With him here is his wife, the former Mlle Yvonne Dorine De Bourbon



## General Paget in the Dodecanese

General Sir Bernard Paget, C.-in-C. Middle East, was given a tremendous welcome when he visited the Dodecanese. The boy with him in the traditional Ezzone uniform was an ardent admirer; he clambered on the general's car and rode in the procession

## Patriotic Suicide

YET though the ugly contours of defeat are hidden under the grandiloquence of an Imperial Rescript, I do not doubt there must be many swords plunging into distinguished Japanese stomachs as I write. They commit suicide after all for many things more trivial than the ruin of their country and the end of belief in their invincibility. A general and his wife committed suicide as a protest against the unheard-of innovation of the present Emperor's trip to Europe, before he ascended the throne. Several admirals did likewise when Japan, at the London Naval Treaty of 1930, was forced to accept limitations in her light cruiser strength. There are frequent cases of professors taking their lives when young nobles they have coached fail in their exams. . . .

## Peking

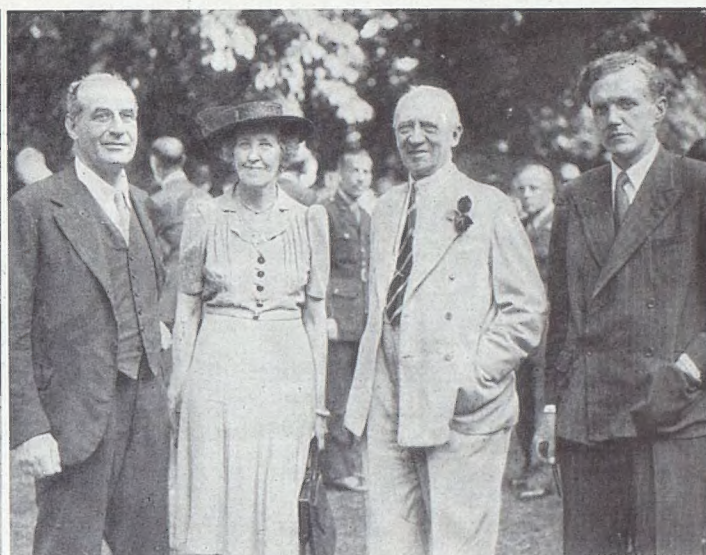
NOR the least of my pleasures at the end of the war is the thought, now perhaps I can go to Peking again. To see once more the white and gold Dagoba gleaming like some Russian ballet prop across the oceanlike plain, the great guardhouses over the main gates into the city, reminding one with their innumerable arrow-slits and their curling eaves of Marco Polo who can never have seen them; to watch the exquisite pink-checked Pekingese babies splash about in the innumerable limpid streams that flow from the Jade Fountain;





### Distinguished Gatherings in the Grounds of Oxford Colleges

The British Council held a reception at All Souls College to meet Mr. A. J. S. White, the Secretary-General of the Council, and students attending Vacation Course. Back row: Dr. Lance Jones, Dr. R. H. Hodgkin, Mr. L. K. Hindmarsh, Mr. E. H. Birchall, Dr. H. H. E. Craster and Sir Henry Tizard. Front row: General D. G. Johnson, V.C., Mr. A. J. S. White, Sir David Ross, Rev. John Kelly and Mr. J. S. Orwin



Johnson, Oxford

At Balliol College Lady Tweedsmuir and Sir Harry Brittain received the guests at a garden party given by the Trustees of the Westminster Fund and the Committee of the Oxford Leave Courses. In the photograph above are Prof. A. L. Goodhart, Lady Tweedsmuir, Sir Harry Brittain and Mr. Giles Alington

to go after snipe across the kaoliang fields where the farmers work in waterproofs that are lotus leaves sewn together, to look at even bad pictures in the antique shops of the Liu Li Ch'ang; and then to eat crisp duck skin in the lightest of pancakes, not to speak of the ginger vinegar fish—that triumphant anthem among dishes—what wouldn't I give for such remote, if not particularly, complicated pleasures?

### U.N.R.R.A. and Czechoslovakia

AT the U.N.R.R.A. conference, it seems, by far the most moving moment was when Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, spoke of the relief which the U.N.R.R.A. organization had brought to his shattered country. We may not all of us approve of Czech policy at all times; we may feel uneasy at the reports of how the Sudeten Germans are being expelled from their immemorial towns, without food, often without a penny to bless them. But when Jan Masaryk talks of his country, there is such warmth, such wit, such an absence of cant and boloney, one feels the Prague Government could never be guilty of an

unwise or petty act. One of the few drawbacks inherent in the liberation of Europe is the thought that we must henceforward do without such friends as M. Masaryk, who I suppose, will rarely emerge from his elegant ministry in that most richly baroque of all capitals. He was of course, Minister here for many years, and possesses a knowledge of England, a mastery of the more racy subtleties of our tongue, which nearly all foreign diplomats must envy.

### Salvador Dali

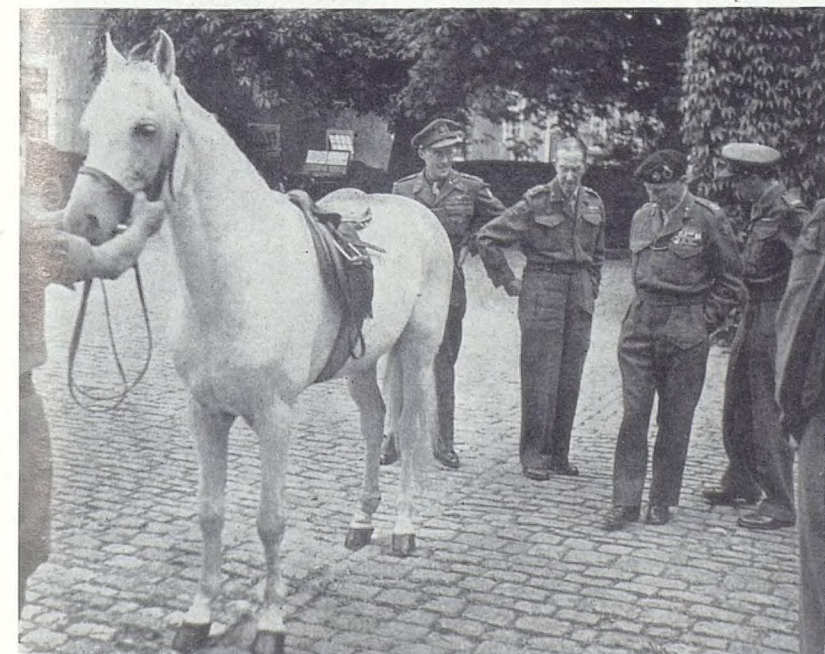
I HAVE just seen a copy of a novel—*Hidden Faces*—by Salvador Dali, the famous Catalan surrealist. It follows his autobiography which, like the novel, had something of a *succès de scandale* in America, but has not yet found in this country a publisher intrepid enough to market it. The few pages of the book at which I have had time to glance, suffuse an atmosphere of such Ouida-esque diabolism, I begin to wonder whether your ordinary pink housemaid may not harbour a secret streak of surrealism. For Dali adds to his brilliant talents a supreme gift of showmanship, a business streak so

strong, another eminent painter once said of him to me: "Dali would make an admirable director of the *Credit Lyonnais*." I do not believe he would have written his novel unless assured of its proper market.

He went to America at the time of France's fall, and almost immediately designed, I believe, a garden for Mrs. Caresse Crosby, rich in rusty locomotives, festooned with flowers.

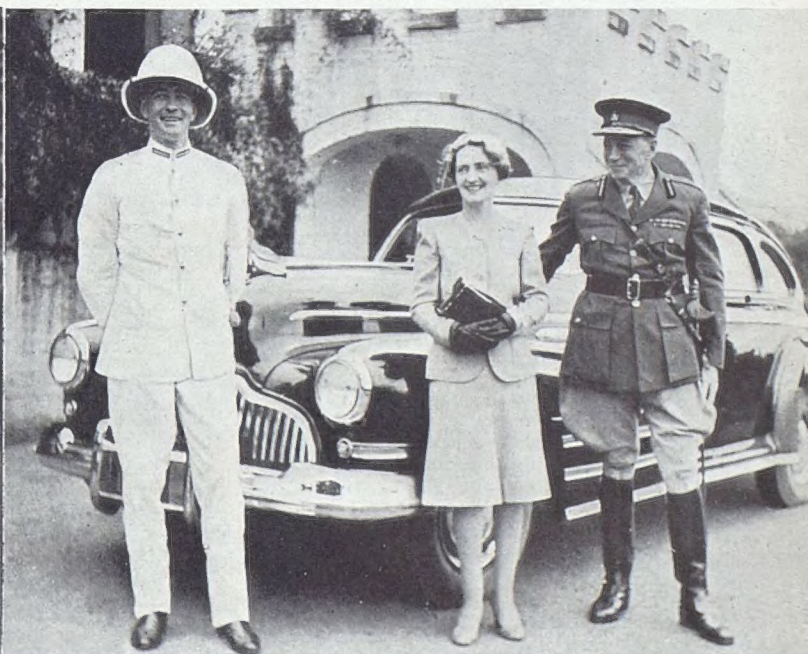
All Americans interested in modern art remembered Dali's tank at the New York World's Fair just before the war, an exhibit partly financed by Edward James, with voluptuous submarine mermaids playing on an underwater piano of female shape, rubber typewriters, a rubber fireplace, quivering like a jelly, and a gauze cow. They were prepared then to swallow Mrs. Crosby's garden, they ate up the famous limp watches and strained their eyes to read the autobiography and the novel.

Dali now threatens to retire into monastic seclusion, where he will create an opera, score, sets, clothes, music. Why not? Perhaps our digestions, complacent with victory, could do with it!



### A Decoration and an Inspection

After decorating Field-Marshal Montgomery with the Royal Order of the Lion of the Netherlands, Prince Bernhard of Holland went with Sir Bernard to the stable yard of the C.-in-C.'s headquarters at Ostenwalde where they saw "Rommel," the favourite horse of the late Nazi Field-Marshal Rommel



### In the Courtyard of Government House, Zomba

Sir Edmund Charles Richards, K.C.M.G., Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Nyasaland Protectorate, and Lady Richards, were photographed outside Government House with Mr. Nance (in white uniform), the private secretary to the Governor



# Myself at the Pictures

Busman's Holiday

By James Agate

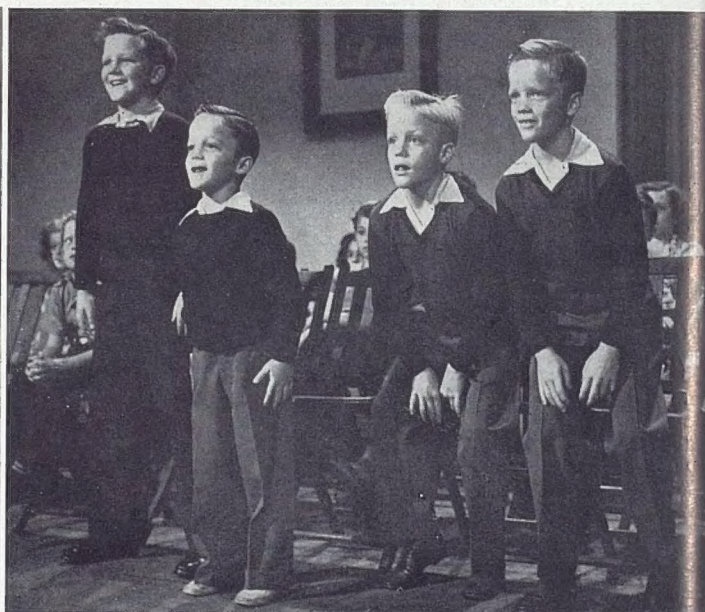
**M**y good friend, Clifford Bax, unburending his heart about the critics, recently wrote:—

The fact is, though nobody has perceived it, that a professional play-critic is a monstrosity—a sow with five legs or a man with four thumbs. Nature did not intend him, and that is why we have to conceal our repulsion when he confronts us. A keen playgoer may see, perhaps, ten, fifteen, or even twenty plays a year, and it is for him that dramatists write and that managers dangle their bait. Your newspaper-critic may see a hundred productions in a year. The result is—let me put it with unmistakable simplicity—that he does not see any play as a normal citizen would see it. He is therefore as fantastic a freak as the Yorkshireman who ate half a dozen ordinary breakfasts. However, I must give you an example of my contention. Some years ago

**N**EVERTHELESS there is something in what C.B. says. My recent holiday found me pegged down to London. Did I try to get away? Yes. Could I get anywhere to go to? No. If I had found anywhere, could I have got there? No. Would any railway guarantee that its employees, taking matters into their own hands, would not shove me into a siding at Nuneaton or Taunton and leave me there for a fortnight? No. This golden land of ours is blessed with more petrol than ever Jerusalem had milk and honey. But could I get a few tea-spoonfuls? No. So I sat at home, twiddled my thumbs, and when I got tired of twiddling, betook myself to the pictures. And there I found myself in a state of enjoyment foreign to me in my critical capacity. I enjoyed

performance. Here, one thought, was a great actor in the making. And then, alas, for the English theatre, Drayton fell in with "Bunny" Hare, for whom he has stooged ever since. I use the word "stooged" advisedly. Drayton is a grand actor who can act, whereas the British public has always preferred a funny man who can't help being funny. I don't imply that Hare cannot act; what I say is that the whole of him does not act as much as Drayton's little toe, and that, to hold the scales impartially, the whole of Drayton will probably never be as droll as one of Hare's agast eyebrows. Nevertheless the fact remains that when Drayton went into farce the serious theatre lost a fine actor. "O the pity of it, Alfred! O Bunny, the pity of it!"

And then I went to see *Mr. Skeffington* and rejoiced that all the film critics, with the possible exception of Mr. Campbell, whom I have not read, failed to find the one unique and pat quotation. The film, as everybody knows, is all about a vain flibbertigibbet who, despite the beauty parlours, finds herself at sixty a



*Out of This World* centres round the leader of an all-girl orchestra, Betty Miller, who discovers a "swoon-crooner," Herbie Fenton, whom she signs up with her band and subsequently accepts a big radio offer. Unfortunately, to gain enough money for travelling expenses, she has to float Herbie's contract. This results in plenty of complications, but Herbie and Betty come together in the end. Left: Cass Daley, Veronica Lake, Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn. Above: Bing Crosby's four sons take part in the film—they are Gary, Lindsay, Philip and Dennis Crosby

I glanced at a play-notice by X.Y.Z., whose conceit would be pathetic if it were tolerable, and in his notice he wrote, "Then the usual quartette of lawn-tennis players came on, with the usual racquets," and, we deduce, immediately bored X.Y.Z. Not until I had read these words did I realize, being only an average playgoer, that several playwrights must have recently used the convenient device of a tennis-party for getting their characters on and off the stage. Does not this example demonstrate in a twinkling that X.Y.Z. may black-mark a play for some effect which will seem to me and you unobjectionable and even adroit? He sees too many plays, eats too many breakfasts, is a monster.

For "play critic" read "film critic," and I imagine that Mr. Bax's complaint still holds. Far be for me to admit that my old friend, throughout a long and distinguished career, has ever been right except about three things—the compelling fascination of Henry VIII, the wit of Nell Gwyn, and his passion as a cricketer for clumping indifferent bowling out of the ground for six.

myself as much as filmgoers who had paid. And on one occasion, it being Sunday, I did pay!!!!

**N**o, dear reader, I have not been reading what George Campbell has been writing in the *Tatler* this last week or so. I have no objection to Mr. Campbell shining in his own column; I should intensely dislike him outshining in mine. Wherefore I have averted my gaze and passed directly from "Way of the World" to "The Theatre." Therefore, if in what follows, I deliberately contradict Mr. C. it is with—if I may coin a phrase—deliberate inadvertence.

**I**N an amateurish sort of way, therefore, I shall venture to opine that *They Knew Mr. Knight* is a British film good enough to be American. It tells a credible and extremely interesting story, and it contains that superb actor, Alfred Drayton. I have admired Drayton ever since his Carl Peterson in *Bulldog Drummond*. His Arthur Fenwick in *Our Betters* was a superb

wrinkled, string-throated hag. I find it almost unbelievable that no film critic should have bethought him of Austin Dobson's

With the coming of the crow's-feet  
Goes the backward turn of beaux' feet

Nor was there the slightest mention of Mrs. Skewton with her rose-coloured curtains for doctors, girlish laughter, and skeleton of the Cleopatra manner. And when Skeffington, now blind, returns to the wreck that was once his wife and finds her as beautiful as ever, not a line about *The Well of the Saints*! Well, well, my colleagues, who know their business, must have come to the conclusion that today's readers are just not interested in Dobson, Dickens, Synge.

**B**ETTE gives a really fine performance, putting the seal on, as far as I am concerned, an established reputation. We knew already from *Dark Victory*, *The Little Foxes* and *Now Voyager* that here was a film actress who could act. Yes, dear readers, I know what some of you





**Nob Hill.** Tony, known as the "Angel" on the famous Barbary Coast, runs the "Gold Coast" saloon and is in love with Sally, the new singer from San Francisco. Tony and Sally befriend little Katie Flanagan, who introduces Tony to beautiful Harriet Carruthers and her brother, Lash. Lash tries to get Tony's help in backing him as District Attorney, while Tony and Sally quarrel over Harriet, and Sally goes away. Tony, then turned down by Harriet, goes on a drinking bout, but he and Sally are at last reunited by Katie. Left: Peggy Ann Garner, Vivian Blaine, George Raft and Alan Reed. Above: George Raft and Joan Bennett

may be thinking. You have heard that Miss Davis is shoved into seventeen positions and photographed seventeen times before the director is satisfied with her way of saying "How do you do?" I agree that this is not acting in the stage sense. But when I go to the film I look not for stage acting but for film acting. And I could mention a dozen British film stars of the female persuasion who can be photographed not 17 but 170 times saying "Good-bye, darling!" and still not convince me

that they can act. Multiply nothing by 17 or 170, and the result is still nothing. A noodle photographed in 17 or 170 positions is still a noodle. Davis has whatever it takes to make a film actress, and I am satisfied.

Now what about a film of *Dombey and Son*? Here are my suggestions for an entirely British cast:—

MR. DOMBEY . . .	John Gielgud
EDITH DOMBEY . . .	Diana Wynyard

MRS. SKEWTON . . .	Athene Seyler
MISS TOX . . .	Jean Cadell
MRS. CHICK . . .	Marian Spencer
MAJOR BAGSTOCK . . .	Ralph Richardson
DR. BLIMBER . . .	David Horne
MR. TOOTS . . .	Alec Guinness
MRS. PIPCHIN . . .	Nancy Price
MR. CARKER . . .	Alastair Sim

It goes without saying that no British company would dream of filming this intensely English novel.



**A Bell for Adano** is the story of a Sicilian town's obsession for a new bell, and an American major's untiring efforts to obtain one for them. However, Captain Joppolo's job is a hard one, for he has an unceasing struggle to obtain food and above all water for the little town. He is helped and encouraged in his work by a girl, Tina, who loves him. He eventually procures the bell for Adano, but at the moment of success, owing to his subordinate's disloyalty, he is relieved of his command. Above: Gene Tierney and Fortunio Bonanova. Right: Gene Tierney and John Hodiak





# The Theatre

## "Tomorrow's Eden" (Embassy)

THERE was a time, according to Mr. Shaw, when an idea had to be at least twenty years old before it was allowed into a theatre. With some assistance from Mr. Shaw, we have changed all that. Nobody will have the hardihood to assert that the authors of this play are shy of topical ideas. How are the fighting men going to feel now that the tension of peril has snapped? How will the women behave when they have shed their uniforms and are once again mistresses of their fate? What have the poets made of service in the ranks? What is to become of one-time stable boys who have since ridden the giant bombers as rear gunners, of the one-time Bond Street blondes who have since gained stripes in the W.A.A.F.? Will elderly air-wardens, having learned afresh the habit of command, be content to relax? On all these questions Miss Moie Charles and Mr. Donald Sutherland have something to say; and so full of ideas is their play that it cannot assimilate them all, poor thing, and it dies of a surfeit as surely as the Plantagenet king died of a surfeit of lampreys.

BUT the questions are relevant to the time and plays that try to answer them are needed in the theatre. This particular play fails because the authors have lacked the skill needed to work their ideas into an effective stage theme. Had they succeeded in doing so, they would

have done something both interesting and important. Most people are free in ordinary times to decide a great number of things for themselves, but many find it extraordinarily difficult to decide what it is that they really want to do. Thrust into wartime jobs not of their own choosing such Doubting Thomases have discovered that discipline is something which relieves them of the burden of decision. They need no longer ask, "Is it worth doing?"; they are buoyed up by the conviction that the thing must be done, the platoon prepared for action, the hospital run, the local fire service reorganized; they influence, in short, all the fun of the strenuous life without the usual mugwumps. Suddenly to be thrust back into the undisciplined world of civilian life where man is more or less the master of his fate is a decided shock. It is the kind of shock which a multitude of men and women have lately suffered or are about to suffer; and the play's first act is a shrewd and perceptive discussion of the nature of that shock.

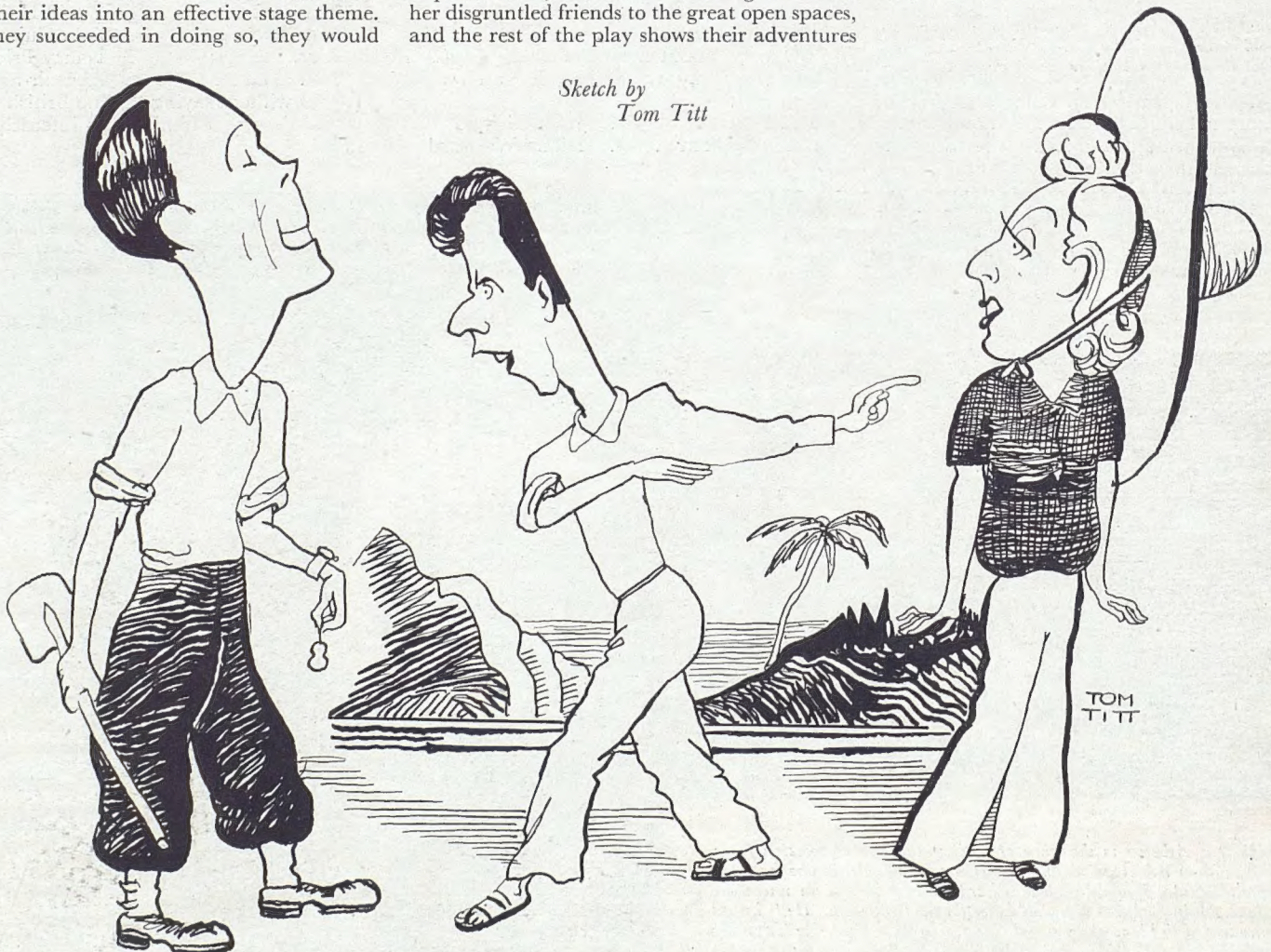
THIS discussion promises well, but at the end of it unfortunately, Eve, the Junior Commander in the A.T.S., a young woman with Miss Diana Churchill's charming looks and an imperious will, succeeds in directing the feet of her disgruntled friends to the great open spaces, and the rest of the play shows their adventures

on a farm in the South African veldt. Here all the ideas that gave the discussion its excitement are let drift into a dreary hotch-potch. Eve, to whom the A.T.S. made the present of a mission in life, doesn't know what to do without one. The farm is a challenge, but a challenge to what? She wants to run it in one way. Her husband wants to run it in another. This refusal of his to take orders drives her into the arms of the poet, who wouldn't care how the farm was run if Eve would consent to linger in his arms. There are mysterious squabbles and violent dissensions. The Bond Street blonde turned W.A.A.F. sergeant and now a cynical lotus-eater seduces the stable lad turned rear gunner and now a bewildered lout. Misunderstanding the Platonic quality of Eve's philanderings with the poet and ever loyal to her husband, his old pilot, a little maddened, moreover, by his own seduction, he puts a bullet into Eve's arm. This seems to bring Eve to a decision. If she has a baby, her husband can run the farm in his own way, and the elderly air warden who has largely financed the new Eden and wants it run on practical lines (a decent enough fellow, he seems) can be written down as a fascist and drummed out of the community.

It is all rather surprising than illuminating. Mr. Barry K. Barnes plays opposite Miss Churchill and sees to it that the interminable domestic squabbles have an effective fierceness; Mr. Anthony Hawtreys is, easily and gracefully, the poet who is almost as quotational as Hamlet but less amusing; and Miss Freda Jackson succeeds in giving an air of importance to a woman of no importance.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketch by  
Tom Titt



Faithful henchman Matt Sykes, warns his beloved "skipper" Peter Byrne, that his wife Eve is the serpent in their idealistic garden of Eden. (Barry K. Barnes, Billy Thatcher, Diana Churchill)



# Precocious Children

Are the Cause of Feuds and Complications  
in "Kiss and Tell."



Mr. and Mrs. Archer find the antics of their sophisticated sixteen-year-old daughter, Corliss, extremely amusing, but later on they laugh on the other side of their faces (Percy Marmont, Renee Kelly)

● *Kiss and Tell*, by F. Hugh Herbert, centres round precocious American children, who manage to lead the far more infantile grown-ups a dance from morning till night. To shield her brother, and the girl he has married in secret, sixteen-year-old Corliss Archer tells her parents that she is going to have a baby, much to their consternation, and the continuous delight of the audience, who are presented with one hilarious situation after another. Percy Marmont and Renee Kelly are the distraught parents, and Tilsa Page plays their troublesome daughter. The play is directed by John Fernald

Photographs by J. W. Debenham



Corliss Archer decides to try her charms upon a nice young soldier, Private Earhart, who has been invited to supper, as she finds a uniform rather attractive. She is really in love with the hobbledehoy boy from next door (Ian Lubbock, Tilsa Page)



Mrs. Pringle makes the family feud more bitter by accusing Mrs. Archer of describing her daughter, Mildred Pringle, as a trollop (Lionel Blair, Molly Loe, Basil Cunard, Maire O'Neill, Percy Marmont, Renee Kelly, Ian Lubbock, Hilda Bayley, Tony Stockman)



Mildred, now married, realises she is to become a mother, but Corliss, who accompanies her to the doctor, finds that suspicion falls on her instead. To shield her friend, Corliss makes her parents believe she is herself "in trouble" (Lionel Blair, Renee Kelly, Percy Marmont, Tilsa Page)

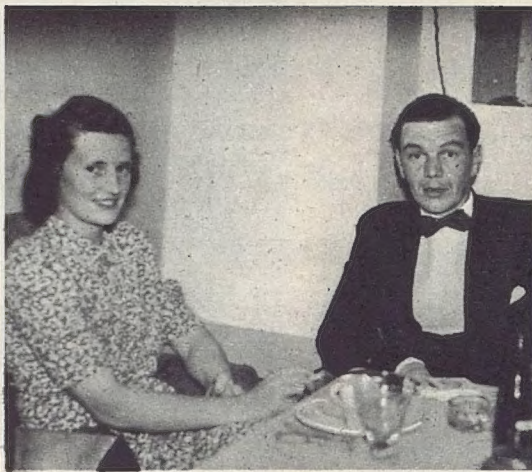


Lenny Archer and Mildred Pringle find that they are the Romeo and Juliet of their home-town, as their two families are at war and the young people love each other. Lenny is ordered overseas and they get married secretly (Glen Farmer, Marjorie Cooper)





Mrs. I. A. Henderson, the former "Boo" Brand, had two escorts. She was with Major A. H. T. Windeler and her husband, Col. I. A. Henderson



Lord and Lady Eliot dined together. He is the son and heir of the Earl of St. Germans, and married Miss Helen Villiers in 1939



Photographs at Bagatelle and Mirabell by Swache

### Diners-Out in Their Favourite Haunts Around London Town

Actress Pauline Tennant also had two escorts. She is with her brother, David, and Lord Rocksavage. Pauline and David Tennant are the children of the Hon. David Tennant and of Hermione Baddeley

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Age-Old Ceremony

AFTER so many long, barren and pageant-less years, the ancient and purposeful ceremonial of the State Opening of Parliament by His Majesty, attracted even more than its usual share of attention, and this, in spite of the fact that wartime economy still dictated the absence of many of the most familiar and colourful features of the ceremony. Peers, by a wise decree from the King, were commanded not to wear their robes of State with their ermine rows of degree, a decision which spared many a young peer, as well as some of the older members of the Upper House, a good deal of anxious thought about where to procure robes in these days of universal clothing shortage. To conform to this rule, the King himself did not wear his Royal robes, though he proceeded in state to the Robing Room, in accordance with custom, on his arrival at Westminster, and the Imperial Crown,

brought to the House in a closed motor car, instead of its usual glass-windowed levee-coach, with a very modernistic escort in the shape of four motor-cyclists from the Household Cavalry, was not worn by His Majesty, but carried in front of him on a cushion of crimson velvet.

Four of the splendid Windsor greys drew the Royal coach, and the two outriders in attendance were mounted on greys, too, but war has left its emphatic mark on the Royal Mews as in so many other places, and the remaining four carriages, conveying members of the Household-in-Waiting, were drawn each by a pair of bays. Missing, too, were the nodding bearskins, the shining cuirasses of the Household Cavalry escort, who wore their sombre workaday khaki. But guardsmen lined the Royal route, bands played at Buckingham Palace, at the Duke of York's steps, and at Westminster, and altogether it was a day well-calculated to gladden the hearts of all lovers of our age-old customs and

usage, a refreshing reminder of the continuance of worthy tradition in an age of change.

### Inspection

AS COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, inspected the training battalion of the Grenadier Guards at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, and later joined her mother and sister in the Grand Quadrangle at Windsor Castle, where the King, as Colonel-in-Chief, took the salute as the training battalion marched past. The Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs was in waiting on the Princess, and Col. R. Colvin, who, in the phraseology of the Brigade is *Lieutenant-colonel* commanding the regiment, in spite of his two pips and a crown, was on parade.

The occasion was notable as the first on which the new Brussels standard, presented to the Grenadiers in commemoration of the liberation of the city, had been mounted, and after the parade the Colonel-in-Chief, the Colonel and the Queen and Princess Margaret all examined the green flag with its exquisitely worked arms of the regiment and the date "September 4, 1944," with great interest.

### Ascot: Post-War Plans

WITH several more "wartime" meetings to come this year on the Royal Course, there has been a revival of speculation about



Among the well-known owners and breeders of Labrador retrievers were Lt.-Col. Lord Farnham, D.S.O., whose "Farnham Peach" won a First Prize, Mrs. Eustace Duckett (with "Holton Envoy" and "Castlemore Cloverleaf") and Mr. David Hope-Johnston



Lady Anne Wentworth-Fitzwilliam proudly holds her aunt's Smooth Dachshund "Harry Judge" after he had won First Prize in the Graduate Dog Class. "Harry Judge" belongs to Mrs. R. S. Connell



Lady Hodson, wife of Major Sir Edmond Hodson, brought her younger son, Patrick, to the show. Sir Edmond Hodson has been on active service since the outbreak of war, and has just returned to Holybrooke House, Bray

### Championship Dog Show at Monkstown Park, County Dublin

Poole, Dublin





### Canada's Future "First Lady" and Her Children

*Lady Margaret Alexander is the wife of Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, whose appointment as the future Governor-General of Canada has been recently announced. The Alexanders have three children, Rose, Shane and Brian. Tessa, their bob-tailed English sheepdog, is the family favourite. Both the Field-Marshal and his wife have many Canadian friends; they speak French fluently, and the appointment is as popular in Canada as it is in this country*

future Ascots. I am told that the present intention is to hold an opening meeting of four days on somewhat the same lines as the pre-war meetings, with higher prices, and the course divided into sections, with later week-end meetings on more popular lines, rather as they are at present—a compromise which would have the double advantage of retaining the fashion-parade atmosphere at the earlier meeting, and of keeping the "best course near London" available for real race enthusiasts later.

### In The Highlands

**G**ROUSE-SHOOTING started this year on August 13th, as the 12th fell on a Sunday. The prospects in most districts are not too promising, but many good sportsmen are spending their holidays on the moors.

Mr. and Mrs. Peshall have once again arranged a party of friends to shoot over Glen Quaich, in Perthshire, and this year have also taken part of Logie Almond, Lord Mansfield's moor. The guns include Lord Hazlerigg, the Lord Lieutenant of Leicestershire, whose home is lovely Noseley Hall in that county, Lt.-Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, who have come up from Kent, and Major Woodhouse, Major and Mrs. Gemmell, Mr. Hugh Chance, Mr. Cecil Gee, and W/Cdr. and Mrs. Oakley Beuttler, the latter a magnificent shot and certainly one of the best women shots in the country.

Mr. Peshall, who is High Sheriff of Leicestershire this year, has arranged that this shall be a real holiday for the wives. The whole party is staying at the Amulree Hotel, a small hotel in the Highlands with every modern comfort and wonderful food, which adjoins both moors, so the worries of housekeeping and queues are to be forgotten for a few blissful weeks.

### Scottish Newsreel

**I**N Perthshire most of the "big hooses" are still either shrouded in dust sheets or commandeered for the duration. Some of them,

like Blair Drummond—Sir Kay and Lady Muir's great house near Doune, which has been a hospital for Polish soldiers—are partly occupied by their owners. Scone Palace—Lord Mansfield's ancestral seat—has been transformed into a girls' school. He and his tall, good-looking wife, with their Etonian son, Lord Stormont, and little Lady Malvina Murray, have their headquarters at Logie Almond, a shooting-box in the neighbourhood, where they have Lady Carnegie, Lady Mansfield's mother, staying with them. Meanwhile, their Dumfriesshire domain, Comlongon Castle, is tenanted by Dr. Barnardo children.

In the Western Highlands "top topic" at the moment is not the shortage of grouse, but the immense preparations for the Prince Charlie bi-centenary celebrations at Glenfinnan.

Every house within motoring distance of this romantic location will be chock-a-block for the occasion, Mr. Francis Cameron-Head, the laird of Inverailort, heading the list of local hosts.

Sir Donald and Lady Hermione Cameron, of Lochiel, who have been living in Inverness during the war, are already at Clunes Lodge, where they will have a big party of friends and relations. Clunes is close to Achnacarry Castle, the family home, where, not many years ago, there was a great rally of the Cameron clan, the first since 1745. The castle is surrounded by memories of the past. There is a beech avenue planted by Donald, "the Gentle Lochiel," on the eve of the Jacobite rising, a cave in which Prince Charlie hid, and you can still see the marks on some of the old trees in the park made by the iron supports on which the Duke of Cumberland's troopers hung their cooking-pots.

### In Scotland Now

**L**ORD AND LADY TRENT are now at Glenborrodale, loveliest and most remote of Highland estates. The castle, which overlooks Loch Sunart, used to belong to Sir Kenneth Clark. Lord and Lady Strathcona have gone to Colonsay, their Hebridean island home, where they will stay with their family until late in the autumn, and Lord Strathcona's brother-in-law, Capt. Kitson, with daughters Margaret and Ruth, and younger son, Harry, are paying a

(Concluded on page 248)



### Prince Vladimir Galitzine Marries in London

Prince Vladimir Galitzine married Mrs. Robert Balfour at the Russian Orthodox Church in Buckingham Palace Road. The bride, who was Iris Fitz George, is the daughter of the late Col. and Mrs. George Fitz George and a granddaughter of the late Duke of Cambridge. Prince Galitzine's three sons, Prince Emmanuel, R.A.F., Prince George, Welsh Guards, and Prince Nicholas, Royal Navy, were among the ten supporters who held aloft the bejewelled golden crowns in the picturesque Russian ceremony.



# The Home of the Redwings

Bembridge Sailing Club  
Isle of Wight

● The Bembridge Sailing Club, in the Isle of Wight, so well known as the home of the famous Redwings, opened on July 14th of this year for its first post-war racing season. All the old pre-war visitors made a welcome return to the Club, and there was a great crowd of new members amounting to over a hundred. The racing goes on every day, including Sundays, during the season, which comes to an end some time in September. As well as the Redwings, which are all privately owned, there are also six Bembridge Club boats that can be raced by members



*A Typical Everyday Scene at Bembridge During the Racing Season*



*Swift and stately, the Redwings wait for the starting-gun ready for action in a stiff Solent breeze. The racing goes on every day during the season*



*Three of the six Bembridge Sailing Club boats start in a race. The weather was uncertain and showery when this photograph was taken*



*Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Kenneth Preston, Brig-Gen. Fitzpatrick, who is a keen hunting, fishing and sailing enthusiast, and Mr. Cavendish Moreton*



*Miss Jean Cochrane, who is an expert "helmsman," and the Hon. Secretary of the Yacht Club, is seen coming in after racing*





Looking well fortified with oilskins and se-aboots against the wet weather were Mrs. Romer Lee and Mrs. Goss



Major Guy Knight, who is in the Coldstreams, Mrs. Guy Knight and Miss Rachel Davenport, whose family have a house at Bembridge



Owing to the uncertainty of the weather, Mrs. Whitely was well wrapped up against all eventualities



Lord Brabazon of Tara was having a word with Col. Fitzpatrick, 8th Hussars, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick on the jetty steps



Mr. Louis Campbell, who is a well-known Solent yachtsman, and Mrs. Michael West, well laden with a sail, were on their way out to race



Major and Mrs. Musker have a house down at Bembridge. They are owners of a Redwing, and are great yachting enthusiasts



Mrs. Leslie (right) had a group of young people with her. They were Islay Sismey, Belinda Bellville, Jeremy Bellville and Claudia Leslie



A very well-known yachting family strolling on the shore were Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Andrea, with Mr. F. G. Andrea and Max, their poodle



Major Musker, Mr. Tom Thorneycroft and Major Mainby Luxmoore, who is Commodore of the Yacht Club



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FORTHCOMING "small shipments" of French champagne at 35/- a bottle may ease the theatrical situation a trifle, a chap on the Stock Exchange was telling us during a discussion on the Atomic Bomb.

During the late European war, and indeed up to now, it has been so expensive to feed tiny stage wantons Black Market champagne at £8 to £10 a bottle that many shrewd City magnates some time ago began keeping the stuff to themselves, often drinking greedily from the bottle. The result is that the lighter musical West End stage has temporarily lost its diablerie and is passing through a tense period. The smiles are there, but they are harder. The eyes are still lustrous, but they have the stabbing expression of the eyes of offended swans. A travelled chap tells us he saw the same expression on the musical stage in Vienna some years ago when the last Archdukes had to abandon Sacher's historic restaurant, and Frau Sacher and her eternal cigar became merely a memory. The only difference is that no power on earth, alas, could prevent the Viennese débâcle, whereas little West End actresses have been robbed of their accustomed giggle-water purely owing to Big Business selfishness. This may soon affect their art considerably. A dancing revue chorus of Clytemnestras or Lady Macbeths with hard white menacing masks and tragic implacable murderous eyes may yet terrify the popeyed stalls and cause James ("Boss") Agate to lose a few moments of refreshing sleep in Row D, I.

We said to this stock-broker chap: "Granted that the spawn of Mammon are fundamentally greedy and selfish, surely they could sock a poor girl to a £10 bottle of Pommery now and again and pass the bill on to the shareholders?" He said: "They do that anyway, boy."

## Gargle

BEFORE all civilisation goes skyhigh we should like to say something about the old Wimbledon custom of quaffing champagne from a lawn-tennis queen's shoe; a curious custom which originated, we gather from a recent ad., in a London tavern in the 1730's, when the health of Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly of *The Beggar's Opera*, was drunk in claret by a group of excited fans that way in her laughing presence.

The point at issue is the cubic capacity of the shoe. Judging by the publicity boy's richly-coloured picture, Miss Fenton's held barely half a pint, whereas the regulation Wimbledon star's shoe holds about a pint. You remember what the poet said about the Lady of the Lake tripping aboard a cruiser of the "Wildflower" class at Portsmouth:

E'en the slight Harebell raised its head  
Elastic from her airy tread.

Actually H.M.S. Harebell went down later by the stern, divers were sent for, the Admiral twice lost his voice, and several snotties and matlows perished in the act of getting their hearts' delight hoisted ashore by a derrick. Her shoe was clearly Wimbledon size, holding a long, cool, satisfying drink, such as Wimbledon fans need after an hour



"They don't get on at all well, sir; when he prays for rain for th' vegetables, she prays for a fine day for 'er washing"

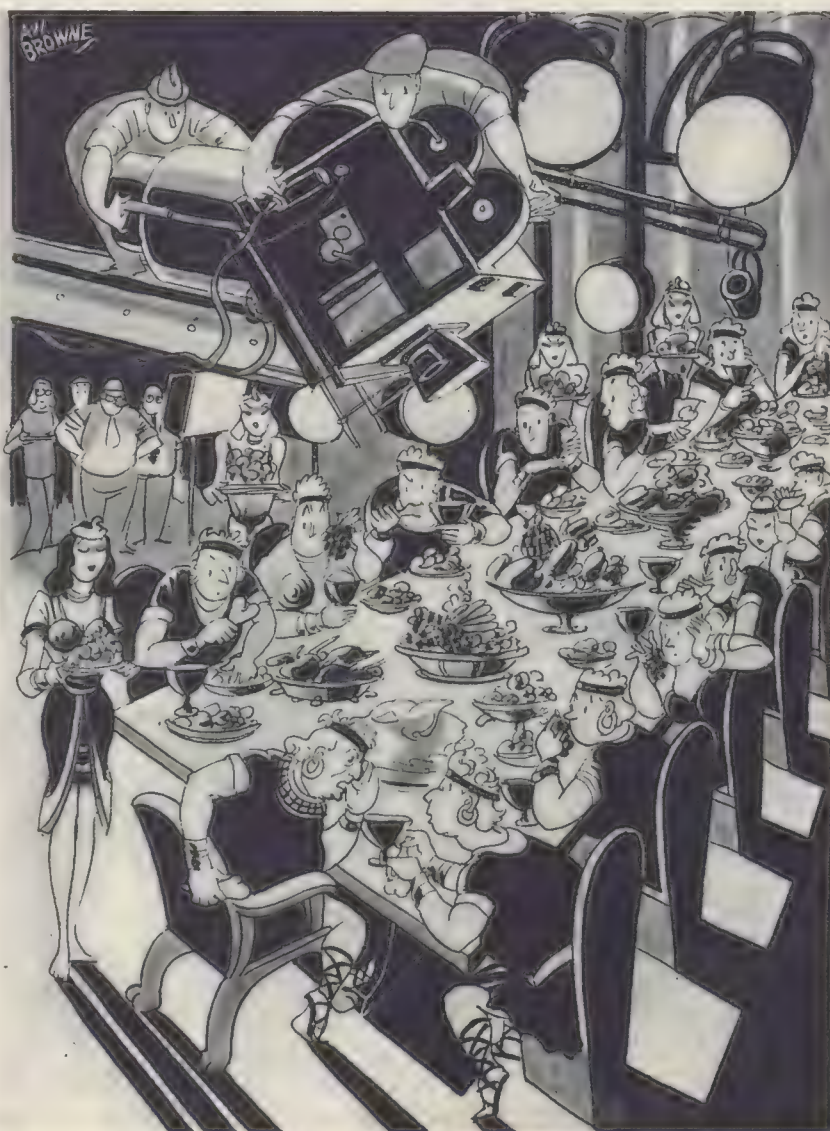
or two of turning their poor dumb heads left, right, left, right, in clockwork unison.

Why this shoe-quaffing is now peculiar to Wimbledon, a chap in close touch with the L.T.A. tells us, is that it carries off an awkward situation when a lot of devoted fans are hanging round, staring vaguely and falling over their idol's feet, with damn-all to say.

## Fuss

THAT news-story of the fight in a laboratory in Vienna University between two Viennese scientists and a Nazi professor who ultimately succeeded in smashing the world's most powerful microscope would make a terrific Hollywood film, we thought, if it had a love-angle.

Unfortunately women don't come into the science boys' lives to any extent, except for dissection purposes. We've noted before that the prevailing smell of acid keeps women away, when alive, though those who think they can stick it sometimes marry into the Royal Society, turning yellow and dry soon afterwards. Hollywood therefore would have to create an artificial love-interest for that Viennese film, maybe getting one of the scientists out into the Wienerwald and letting him meet Dorothy ("Just-a-Sarong-at-Twilight") Lamour while being chased by a tiger through the trees. Even then she'd have to be disguised as, say, a mosquito to attract a scientific eye. Maybe she'd have to bite him. He wouldn't notice it at the time, but that night his temperature would be up



"What's for lunch at the canteen?"



to roo and he would mention it in that well-known frigid, impersonal manner to his colleague.

"Stenhard, I am dying."

"I see."

"When you cut me up, Stenhard, I fancy you will find an interesting zygmosis of the left lobe of the paradigmum."

"Good."

Here Miss Lamour inserts a dazzling hip into the tent-opening and says "Hello, there, sweetness!"

"Stenhard, I am not dying, I am in love."

"I see."

"Take a blood-test."

Returning to Vienna he would place Miss Lamour, a vision in scientific white, in charge of the world's biggest microscope for the Nazi scientist to make passes at. A terrific jealousy finale would then develop normally. Heaven knows why.

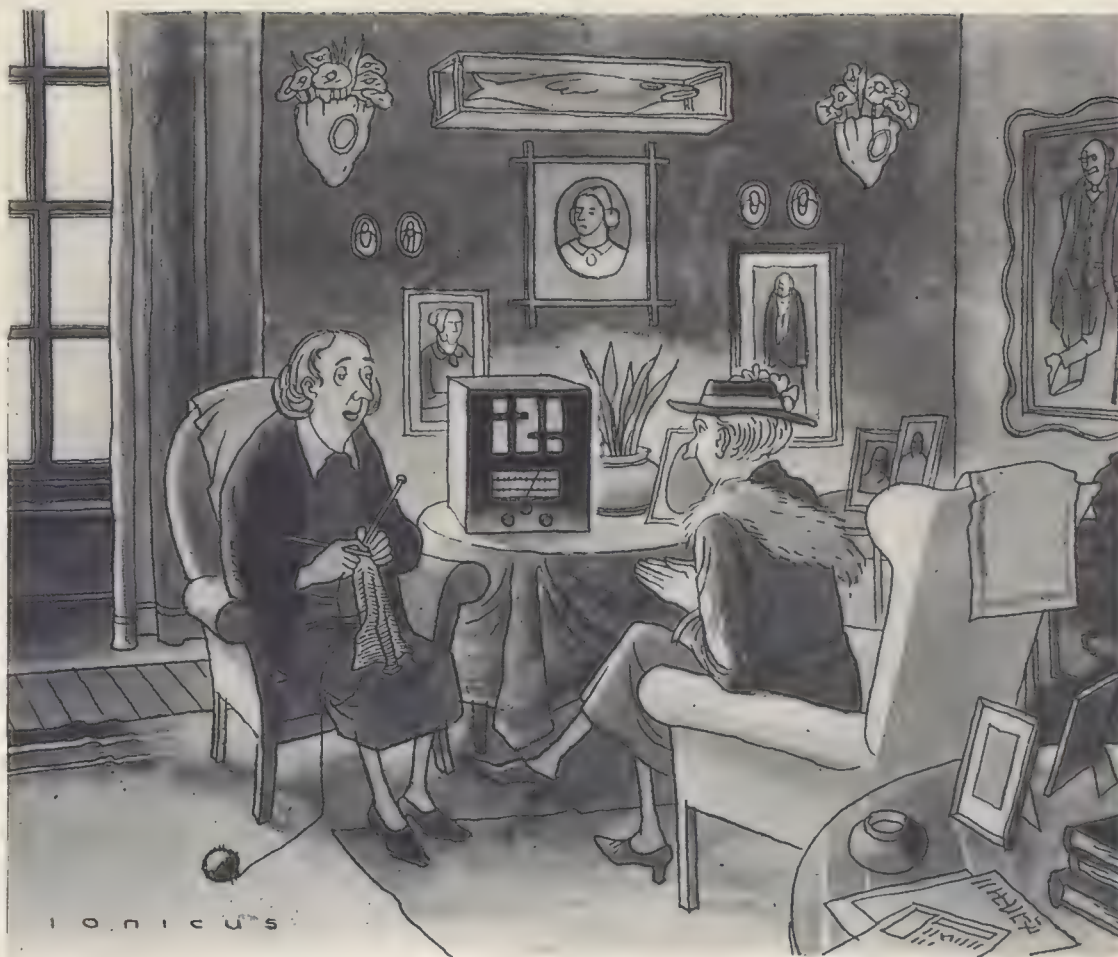
#### Legend

As a high-pressure emotional orgy, that performance of *Faust* in Welch at the recent National Eisteddfod took some beating, we gather. The Faust-theme itself is so universal that it might easily be a Welch legend to begin with, or even a modern short story by Caradoc Evans about dirty old Mr. Jones at the Post-Office making passes at young Blodwen Rees the deacon's daughter.

We often wish the wild poet Dafydd ap Gwilym (XVth century), whom we greatly love, had handled the Faust-legend before Goethe got it. In his time the Welch were gayer and happier and more in touch with Europe and reality.



"But are you sure a storm is brewing?"



"I believe Stuart Hibberd always read it on my old set"

Fond of drinking and singing and fighting and love-making as the playboy Ap Gwilym was, he'd have known better than to make Faust go to all that trouble over the rich jewel-casket, for example. A tasty pearl necklace fashioned by the craftsman Gruffydd ap Woolworth would cause a simple village maid to burst into song just as rapturously, and a Welch Devil (who would live in Swansea) would probably be the first to suggest it. Instead of Goethe's wailing spirit-chorus there'd be an invisible male-voice choir giving Faust friendly advice and warning:

(Pp., andante misterioso)

Cold is my heart in my breast for heaviness,  
Cold with foreboding;  
O hawk without reproach,  
Why buy from Morgan Evans,  
cash down, no credit,  
When you can hire from Evan  
Morgan for next to nothing?  
Note the address, 17 High Street.

#### Footnote

NATURALLY the end of Ap Gwilym's morality-play would be twice as mystical, sombre, and moving as Goethe's:

MEPH: Hither to me!

(Exit, dragging Faust in the direction of Swansea.)

VOICE (from within, dying away): Mrs. Griffiths! Mrs. Griffiths!

#### Sanctions

A DON who recently missed the last train from London and had to wait two hours for a trunk-call to be put through

to his home complained to the newspapers about it in a tall state of fury, and one can hardly blame him. On the other hand the P.O. telephone boys in London were hardly to know that he belonged to "A" Group.

A chap who mixes with dons a great deal and knows all their habits, some of which are far from pleasing, tells us that by Post Office standards many dons are not worth putting through on the telephone anywhere at any time. A sequence of shrill, nervous hoots and giggles; an obscene Greek epigram or two; a scream of hate for some mousy rival; a long rambling, confused rigmarole about the Master of Belial or that charlatan Porridge of Iscariot; a stream of windy, vain, inconclusive, and defeatist flaffa—such stuff, unprofitable alike to God and man, is rightly discouraged by the Post Office. The result is that many dons in "B" Group get no calls put through at all and are compelled to chalk their conclusions on lavatory-walls. "*Dr. Soap of Judas is a frightful sneak.*" "*Gertie Lovejoy hates the Barney Barnato Reader in Pure Finance.*"

#### Footnote

IN "A" Group, contrariwise, there are dons of outstanding virtue and merit—we know a couple—who have only to lift the receiver to be greeted with obsequious courtesy. Trunks? Where, Sir? Yes, Sir. Certainly, Sir. There's a lecherous City peer on the line at the moment, Sir, making passes at a stage wanton, but we'll soon fix that. How would you like to be put through to New York afterwards, Sir? Or perhaps Buenos Aires? Not at all, Sir, it's a pleasure.

Which only goes to prove, if proof were needed. D. B. Wyndham Lewis



# Priscilla in Paris

## Work and Play

**D**O.A.H.—I don't know whether it was the sunshine or the fact that I found myself at a garden-party wearing an old uniform that is darned and patched beyond belief, while other women were in dainty frocks, but I suddenly had a yearning to become civilised once more. Next day I started off to make the round of the "collections," but I was brought up short by the fact that, in a couple of weeks or so, the autumn fashions will be out and—given the price of the simplest garment and the fact that I shall have to make anything I buy last till the next war—I may as well start off with the newest of new sartorial screams-for-help! From what I have seen, however, shoulders are squarer than ever and skirts are still so short that one wonders why we bother to wear any at all. I have no objection to square shoulders. Given the weight of the bags we strap-hang from them, it's as well to have one's collar-bones and shoulders well padded, but why women want to show the ugliest part of their anatomy (i.e., knees) I cannot imagine. The *maitres-de-la-mode* are ill-inspired with their short-kilted effects. Maybe they will consent to do something about it before the blasts of winter set in. A touch of mystery, my good sirs, where the female form is concerned, is not to be disdained.

The garden-party was held at the *Maison du Maquis*, in order to raise funds for that most useful institution. It is a delightful, old-world house in the *Etoile* quarter, where the boys of the *maquis* may come and rest when on leave, now that they are in the Regular Army, and the convalescents, who cannot get away from Paris, may laze in the garden. Not a very big garden, but cool and shady. It is kept cool by a little stream that meanders across the lawn. Not a very big stream. In fact, rather like the trickle that oozes from a wet umbrella across the hall and gives the house-dog occasion to say: "Twasn't me!" There was a gorgeous buffet where one could buy real *éclairs* (black market is permissible for charity), champagne and chocolate-ices. So we bust our money-boxes and gorged, and the *Maison du Maquis* must have netted quite a tidy sum given our greediness.

Lt.-Col. Romans' recently published book, *Les Obstines*, that is, a history of the *maquis*,

was also on sale, signed by the author, who was there in flesh and *berlud*. It was he who organised one of the most famous *maquis* of France—that of the *Ain*, which comprises the *Haut Jura* and *Haute Savoie*. Marvellous boys who did wonderful work, and he is justly proud of them. *Françoise Rosay* read extracts from some of the most exciting and moving chapters. You all know our *Françoise*. Her beautiful voice so often brought us hope over the air during the dark years. She looked very lovely with her thick, white hair piled high in a coronet, and a brilliant yellow frock that was like sunshine against the dark-green background of the ivy-covered house.



### Chevalier Continues to Charm Paris

*Maurice Chevalier has lost none of his old charm. He was given a huge reception when he sang in Paris after the Liberation. It has now come to light that during the Occupation he saved many of his friends from Nazi victimisation*



### Mme. Sacha Guitry

*Mme. Guitry has divorced her actor-husband, Sacha Guitry. The case was for half a day the talk, but not the wonder, of Paris, for it will be remembered that Guitry, who wine and dined with the Nazis during the Occupation, was arrested during the Liberation and has spent several months in prison*

There was also Anna Marley, the young composer of the song of the Resistance, who also came to us, by broadcast, when clouds were darkest, and whom you no doubt know, in England, better than we do. She is a lovely, dark, slim girl who sings the songs she writes and composes with attractive simplicity, accompanying herself on the guitar.

Having been accused of being a trifle grim in my effusions lately, I decided to go all gay for a bit, so I toddled off to the theatre one night to see the French version of *Arsenic and Old Lace*. I was a little disappointed. Tragedy is the same all the world over. There are no two ways of weeping, but there are a million different ways of laughing, and humour—macabre humour, above all—is special unto every country. Also, maybe, the play was not too well adapted, though beautifully acted by Berthe Bovy and Jeanne Marken. Nuf sed! *Murder in the Cathedral*, on the other hand, is having a huge success at the *Vieux Colombier*, that funny little theatre on the Left Bank.

I was rushed off to Vichy with what the Boche calls the "sick-wagon" for a couple of days this week, to fetch a child needing special treatment in Paris. I don't quite know what I expected to find there. . . . Anything and everything except the one fact that nothing is changed, materially. The big hotels still stand, the lovely parks and gardens are full of flowers, the springs bubble and steam under their glass domes, and the *Etablissement Thermal* is there to wash one, inside and out, in the same effective way as before. I was told that the place was packed with visitors, and, indeed, I had trouble to find a room, and still more trouble to find a garage in which to park the precious ambulance. But where were the people who did the packing?

I saw a few convalescent soldiers and, in the early morning, some very liverish-looking water-swillers, but where were the crowds that, in the old days, sauntered in *le Parc*, thronged the smart shops—that are still there, but, oh, so empty—almost fought for seats round the *chemin-de-fer* tables at the Casino, queued up to book seats for the galas and played their little rounds of golf on the famous links in the afternoon? I went to call on the doctor who used to vet me in the old days when I had a liver—the war has apparently removed that organ from my internal economy—and asked him what has happened. He shrugged his shoulders. "The people stay indoors," he said; "besides, there are far more refugees than 'visitors.' They exchange war stories . . . and still wait for letters. They have lost the habit of enjoying themselves."

PRISCILLA.



### Get-Together of the Pan-American Club

*The Pan-American Club are hoping to continue the good work they have done in recent years. Photographed at a recent meeting to discuss ways and means are M. Augustin Alberro, secretary of the Economic Mission Basque Government, Mme. Prado, wife of the Mexican Consul in Paris, M. José Zarrabeitia, secretary of the Pan-American Club, M. Prado, Mexican Consul in Paris, M. Ramon d'Alarrette, Diplomatic Correspondent France-Presse, Mrs. Patricia Pullan, Mme. José Zarrabeitia, Comte François de Ramel, and Mme. Pernardo Reyes*





Fred Daniels

## The Girl from Hollywood

Kim Hunter is to Play a Leading Part  
in "A Matter of Life and Death"

Kim Hunter has come over to England from Hollywood at the invitation of Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. She is to play her first leading role in such distinguished company as David Niven, Roger Livesey and Raymond Massey. The film, *A Matter of Life and Death*, is now in production: in it Kim appears as an enlisted girl in the American Army Air Force, serving in Britain at a U.S.A.A.F. Station. Born in Detroit, Kim spent much of her early life in Miami, studied dramatic art under Mme. Alberti, one of America's most famous teachers, and won her first film contract from R.K.O. In private life Kim Hunter is Mrs. Baldwin. Her husband is in the Marine Corps, serving somewhere in the Pacific. They have a six-months-old daughter, Kathryn, who has been left behind in Hollywood in charge of Kim's mother



# Beaufort Hunt Horse Show At Badminton House in Gloucestershire

*Photographs by Swaebe*



Colonel the Hon. A. F. Stanley, Lord Derby's younger brother, and Mrs. G. A. Gundry, the wife of Major G. A. Gundry, who was hon. secretary of the show



Lady Violet Vernon was riding Sunbeam. She is the younger daughter of the Earl of Cromer, and married Major M. S. B. Vernon, Grenadier Guards, in 1937



Mr. C. Perrin's No Name, ridden by George, was the winner of the Heavy-Weight Hunter Class, also the Champion Cup presented by Lord



A trio chatting near the car park were Mr. Van Burton, who brought his fiancée, Miss Rachel Lauder, and Major John Bartholomew



Two spectators at the show were Lieut.-Colonel Christopher Fuller, and his wife, Mrs. Christopher Fuller, who was formerly Miss Susan Hambro



Three of the judges were Major P. Borwick, the Duke of Beaufort and Colonel the Earl Fortescue



In the car park the Marchioness of Cambridge was having a comfortable chat with Lady Apsley, whose son is Earl Bathurst



The Marquess of Blandford, wife were both in





Mrs. R. Cooke was riding her colt, Knobby, which was the winner of the Best Weight-Carrying Cob class



The Countess of Erroll, who succeeded her father in 1941, and lives at Spy Park, Chippenham, was talking to Miss Judy Frank, on Bronx



Armed with shooting-sticks were Lady Avice Spicer, younger sister of Earl de la Warr, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke



Lady Kathleen Eliot, who is the younger daughter of the sixth Earl of St. Germans, Lady Violet Vernon, Major G. Bishop and Captain M. Borwick



Mrs. H. Peace was making her little dog sit up; with her were Mrs. Hugh Brassey, Mrs. C. Tremayne and Colonel Smith-Bingham



brooke and Lady Cod-Christopher Codrington, spectators at the show



The Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Kingscote were together. The show, held at Badminton House, was under the Presidency of the Duke of Beaufort



A family party of four were Lord and Lady Stavordale, with their elder son, the Hon. Giles Fox-Strangways, and their daughter, the Hon. Teresa Fox-Strangways



# Mothers and Children



Lord and Lady Forester's five children, who are seen together on the steps of Willey Park, Broseley, Shropshire



Compton Collier

**Lady Forester**, seen with her two youngest children, is the wife of Lt.-Col. Lord Forester, who is the seventh baron, and before her marriage in 1931 was Miss Marie Perrott, elder daughter of the late Col. Sir Herbert Perrott. Lord Forester commanded the Royal Horse Guards from 1938 to 1941. He succeeded his father in 1932, and his son and heir, the Hon. George Weld-Forester, was seven in February



Pool, Dublin

**Mrs. Dennis Eccles**, seen with her children Zandra and David, is the wife of Capt. Dennis Eccles, Royal Fusiliers, who has just returned from a P.O.W. camp. He is the only son of the late Capt. E. W. L. Eccles, of Dunderry Park, Navan, Co. Meath, ex-Master of the Royal Meath hounds. Mrs. Eccles is a grand-daughter of the late Mr. William M. Murphy, the Irish newspaper magnate



Compton Collier

**Mrs. C. E. Mott-Radclyffe**, who is sitting with her daughter Tessa in the garden of Little Park, Wickham, in Hampshire, is the wife of Major C. E. Mott-Radclyffe, M.P. for Windsor, and a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury. He has seen active service with the Rifle Brigade in Holland, Greece and Syria, and was formerly in the Diplomatic Service





Presenting the Prizes at Attringham Horse Show

Mrs. R. E. Rhodes, who is seen presenting the prizes at the Show, was watched by her husband, Major R. E. Rhodes, the Show President, who was wearing a bowler, and the Show Chairman, Major Gordon Miller

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Rumor

THIS heading is not an Americanism, but the name of a favourite member of the cast in those ancient dramas, which little boys of my young days used to be compelled to read. The stage direction was "Enter Rumor full of lies." Those old dramatists knew their stuff! It seems hardly necessary to remind ourselves of the saying about believing nothing we hear, and only half of what we see. No one has seen Dante on three legs. Matt Peacock, his trainer, certainly has not; but because it was decided that he should miss an impending engagement at Redcar, and also because the ground was no softer at home, he was not worked, the air went black with buzzes. Let us hope that the stiffness is no more than that. To me, with no information, it sounds like a hock. The best place to look for information, so I have always found, is the betting list, because our friends The Enemy always see to it that their forward observation-posts are manned by experts. They have sealed their lips, but even after this news Dante was still at 6 to 4 on, which I have always thought may have been a false price. If there is anything wrong, we shall quickly see Rising Light and Stirling Castle go to 6 to 4 each of two, and even Chamossaire might go to "fours," and Naishapur, named after the birthplace of that wicked old tent-maker, might shorten to anything.

## No Material Change

So far, there has not been a ripple worth noting on the surface of the deep blue sea. In some ways this is surprising, for after Chamossaire's recent victory over 1½ miles at Newmarket, in very moderate time, I should have imagined that it was quite safe for the Ringmen to open their shoulders and hit out: yet he remained at a stubborn 10 to 1. I am surer than ever that that is a bad price. Some people seem to be tied to the memory of his head win against High Peak on Leger Day last year. Fordham was favourite, and he ran no-how. High Peak was then a hope; now I fear he is just a shadow. He may have been quite honest then, but, good all-round field as it was, the finger really pointed nowhere. Some loyal adherents have asserted that Chamossaire could have won that recent Cavenham Stakes at Newmarket on August 9 by more than a neck if he had not rolled about close home; but, even if he had won by four lengths from the persevering Par Excellence, would that have

put him in front of Dante, Rising Light or Stirling Castle? Personally, I suggest that the safest thing to do at the moment is to have a nice bet each way on Rising Light and hope for the best. En passant, I observe that someone says that Rising Light "changed his legs" in that Burghfield Stakes. He certainly changed to the wrong leg close home, but I doubt whether he would have won much farther than he did even if he had not. It seems a pity that Hobo is not in the Leger, for if ever anything came up spoiling for a fight it was this nice Fairway colt. A grand line for anything Lord Rosebery may decide to run in the Leger. If only High Peak were any kind of a stepping-stone, and it were safe to argue anything from Blue Smoke's having beaten Black Peter and High Peak to a batter over 1½ miles on July 27th, there might be a nice little equation. But in any case, Jack Jarvis has got something in Hobo, who is the same thing as the two second favourites, which ought to be able to tell him exactly where Blue Smoke stands. Purely on her looks, I like her as much as I like Rising Light. They are both made all in one piece. The principal reason why I have never believed in Chamossaire is because he is made in at least two. It rarely answers. I have never considered that he is the atomic bomb that some people seem to imagine that he may be.

## "Some New Thing"

HE [the witness] now quite dominated the court. He asked for a drink when he was thirsty; he sat down or got up as he felt inclined, and made asides to the journalists who were near him. . . . He said to another witness: 'That will be enough, thank you!' And, worse than all this, when caught out by cross-examining counsel, he leered in a manner most offensive, and said that if he said what was alleged, it was just a silly joke! We have been compelled to adopt the pose of the ancient Athenians and hunger and thirst after such new things as the monkey-seat, boogie-woogie and cubist art, that we ought to be fairly well case-hardened by now; but I find that there is the utmost concern in the legal world, from Chancery judges to solicitors' clerks (who, of course, really run the whole show) lest, the procedure, of which we have just had an example, should leak, and eventually submerge, our own courts. Surely there can be only a sheet of tissue-paper between that which is quoted above and a witness saying to his Lordship:

(Concluded on page 244)



Two Famous Cricketers

K. James, the well-known New Zealand International, has a talk with his opposite number, G. O. J. Elliott, skipper and founder of the West of England XI. They have kept going ever since 1941, when Elliott, who was invalided out of the Army after Dunkirk, inaugurated the team



Professional Golf Tournament Final

E. W. B. Kenyon was playing out of a clump of trees, where he landed with his second shot from the second tee



The finalists in the Professional Golf Tournament held at the Mid-Surrey Golf Course, Richmond, were E. W. B. Kenyon and U. R. Shoemith, who was the winner of the tournament





Richardson, Worcester

### Cricket: All-England R.A.F. XI. v. Worcestershire XI.

In an exciting finish, Worcestershire won by two wickets when an all-England R.A.F. XI. played them in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. (Above) F/Lt. G. Washbrook, the Hon. C. J. Lyttelton (Worcestershire captain), Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan, and S/Ldr. W. J. Edrich, R.A.F. captain



Johnson, Oxford

### A Winner at Oxford Horse Show

Lt.-Gen. Sir Miles Dempsey, Commander of the British Second Army, presented the City of Oxford Citizens' Gold Challenge Cup to Miss M. Bradshaw, winner of the Open Jumping Competition. In the background is Mr. Eric T. Alden

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

"You shut your trap, thick-ears; I'm doin' the talkin'!" Or to cross-examining King's Counsel: "You speak when you're spoke to—and don't ask me no more of your damselly questions!" And to the petrified jury: "And now, playmates, as it's nigh on closin' time, we'll all pop round to the Crown and 'ave a quick one!" The fears which are entertained by the Law are in no measure unjustified, for even without the recent egging-on and encouragement, the modern witness is quite rude enough as it is, and neither Bench nor Bar have really much of a chance.

### Not a Liar?

THE maligned gentleman is one Paget, M.P. Our most human and most fascinating poet said he was, just because he asserted that the Sun (Indian) was a myth. Kipling rammed it in still harder when he told Thomas Atkins that if he didn't wear his 'elmet he'd strike

him down dead and he'd die like a fool of a soldier. Hitherto I have always believed that Kipling was completely justified in calling that M.P. a liar, because I have happened to know something about sun, and I have remained unconvinced, even after seeing the pictures of our lads in Burma, fighting in the kind of "Solar myth," which I know that that country can produce. But now someone, a brother of Shenton Thomas, a captive of the Japs, who has just arrived from the Gold Coast, where he has been since 1913, has cast doubts as to whether Kipling was, after all, quite fair. He says that they never wear sola (not "solar") tops, that is to say, pith pigstickers, or even those infernally heavy, but more ornate, ones patronised by even Viceroy, Honourable Ministers and Bishops, and that, when they play cricket they wear nothing at all on their heads and very little elsewhere. And they are almost bang on the Equator. Sunstroke, apparently, is quite unknown. This corroborates all that they say that they have found out about the sun in India. Speaking again as one who has had some—and I ask you to believe that that means "some"—I find myself completely dumb-founded. We knew, of course, that two of the

most vulnerable points were the eyes and the spine, but we also imagined that our heads were not quite thick enough to stop these supra-flaming rays roasting such brains as we had to a chip. I have known sun hot enough to burn the eyes out of you. Those pictures, one of which I have hanging up in this study in which I write, of the gentlemen of the Calcutta Tent Club out pigsticking in March 1796 in Bengal in top hats, velvet hunting-caps, pink coats and regulation regimental hats, may not, after all, be just flights of the artist's (William Taylor's) imagination. I am not prepared to say, or to give in, knowing all that I do about Sun. Lake's troops, again, at Assaye and Argaum (Mahratta War, 1803) may have worn just those flimsy little bits of linen behind their hats, and the pictures of what our hardy warriors in the Mutiny wore may also be true, but, personally, if ever I go back to The Shiny, I shall prefer to stick to my old pigsticker, and leave everyone else to take on the Solar Myth in Homburg or Trilby, gent's, one, or even the now almost obsolete and always unlovely and uncomfortable boater, gent's. I am certain "Kipper" was right, and that his M.P. was a liar.



Richardson, Worcester

### Champion Hunters

Mr. J. R. H. Sumner's hunters, Hurlment, ridden by Bob Terry, and Loyalist, ridden by the owner, were awarded first prize for the best hunters to carry 13½ stone and upwards respectively, at Pershore Horse Show and Gymkhana. Loyalist was a well-known hunter at many horse shows in pre-war days



### The Denham Fair Horse Show and Gymkhana Held at Denham Place

Miss Nora Walker a well known rider of show winners was first in the Best Hack, Best Lady Side-Saddle class, at the Denham Fair Horse Show and Gymkhana, which was in aid of the Prisoners of War Relatives, Fund of St. Dunstan's and local hospitals



The Horse Show and Gymkhana was held at Denham Place, the home of Lord Vansittart, who is seen inspecting cadets of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry Cadet Corps, when they held a parade during the show





### *A Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry*

Front row: the Rev. A. I. Dunlop, Major J. M. Foulds, Major D. A. Beatson-Hind, Capt. R. C. Struthers, Lt.-Col. R. A. Bramwell Davis, D.S.O. (C.O.), Majors F. B. B. Noble, O.B.E., J. S. Hay, A. N. Scott, M.C., Lt. (Q.M.) F. I. McGilp. Middle row: Lt. S. S. Drew, Capt. R. S. Sunderland, R.A.M.C., D. D. Farmer, M.C., W. Laing, A. R. B. Wylie, D. H. Struck, M.C., D. N. Steward, D. H. St. Croix, J. D. Robinson, Lt. T. A. Dickenson, Capt. D. R. Baylis. Back row: Lts. C. G. Bintliffe, M.C., R. J. Jackson, F. Hollands, A. Wilson, S. L. Hooker, N. B. Hubbard, H. W. Simpson, G. G. Hutchison, T. C. Nolan, A. Healev, J. G. Coates, M. Timmons

## On Active Service



### *Officers of H.M.S. Cormorant, Gibraltar*

Front row: Mr. R. H. Hughes, R.N., Lts. C. H. Gibbons, R.N.V.R., C. E. Gray, R.N.V.R., Rev. P. B. Clear, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. A. F. Mellows, R.N., Mr. W. C. Richards, R.N., Mr. W. E. Jones, R.N., Surg.-Lt. (D) E. Horne, R.N.V.R., Lt. L. J. E. Dodds, R.N.V.R. Middle row: Mr. T. C. Barker, R.N., Lt. C. Stevenson, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. J. A. C. Murray, R.N.V.R., Mr. A. H. Sayer, R.N., Sub-Lts. I. Hadfield, R.N.V.R., H. W. Lewis, (S) C. H. O'Donnell, R.N.V.R. Back row: Sub-Lt. J. R. James, R.N.V.R., Elec. Sub-Lt. McLevy, R.N.V.R., Mr. J. W. Carr, R.N.



### *Officers of a Brigade H.Q. Somewhere in Austria*

Sitting: Capts. K. Sheard, F. L. Clarkson, Major M. C. Macdiarmid, Brig. A. D. McKechnie, D.S.O., T.D., Major P. Whitton, Capt. A. G. Pasley, Capt. C. B. Runciman. Standing: Lt. C. A. Lamont, Lt.-G. J. Moriarty, Capts. J. A. Boyland, E. C. Gregson, G. G. B. Hamar, Lt. L. F. Anderson



### *R.A.F. Bomber H.Q. Intelligence Staff*

Sitting: S/Ldr. G. C. Heseltine, S/Ldr. G. A. Morris, W/Cdr. V. C. Varcoe, A/Cdr. N. S. Paynter, G/Capt. E. Evans, W/Cdr. F. A. B. Fawcett, S/Ldr. F. D. Lugard. Standing: Cpl. H. C. Corby, F/Lt. T. Rowsell, S/Ldr. F. A. Coburn, Sgt. A. D. McInnes, S/Ldr. R. C. N. Barton, C. W. Langlands



### *Officers of the 2nd Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment*

Left—front row: Capt. P. Hodge, Capt. D. J. Wiltsher, Major T. G. Oerton, Major P. B. Clarke, M.C., Lt.-Col. P. H. W. Brind, D.S.O. (C.O.), Major G. B. Drewitt, Major H. W. Howard, Capt. T. W. Stopford, Capt. P. N. Cox. Second row: Rev. Fr. Devine, C.F., Capt. F. J. Nice, Capt. R. A. Reid, M.C., Lt. P. J. Kenny, Capt. A. Primeau, E. Gamble, W. G. Wood, J. T. A. Lloyd, M.C., R.A.M.C. Third row: Lts. C. F. Heald, H. B. Spence, H. Hazelhurst, M. R. Coates, W. Marshall, J. C. Coles, Capt. F. E. Stokes, Lt. C. H. F. Barnes. Back row: Lt. R. C. J. Davey, Mr. H. Kroeze, Lts. G. E. A. Townsend, M.C., D.C.M., L. J. Burnett, K. W. Doble



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## "Except Normality"

THE COURSE OF GERMAN HISTORY," by A. J. P. Taylor, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), is a survey of the development of Germany since 1815—with two first chapters telescoping the centuries from Charlemagne to the Congress of Vienna. "This book," Mr. Taylor says, "is a *pièce d'occasion*. It is meant to be serious history. All the same, I should never have written it except for the events of the last five years, and, still more, the need of some historical background to the political problems of the present." It was, in fact, imperative that a book of this nature should be written—it is imperative, now, that it should be read. And it was essential that such a book should be on a certain level—anything facile or tendentious, anything lapsing from impassivity or from concern with facts, could, at this juncture, do more harm than good. We should therefore be thankful that it was Mr. Taylor who has, as he puts it, shouldered the task: he is one of our foremost authorities on nineteenth-century foreign history. Apart from two periods—1848 and some parts of the reign of William II.—he claims, he says, not much specialist knowledge of German history. And, "now that this book is written, I find German history not only as distasteful, but as mysterious as before."

The history of the Germans is a history of extremes. It contains everything except moderation, and in the course of a thousand years the Germans have experienced everything except normality. They have dominated Europe, and they have been the helpless victims of the domination of others; they have enjoyed liberties unparalleled in Europe, and they have fallen victims to despotisms equally without parallel; they have produced the most transcendent philosophers, the most spiritual musicians and the most ruthless and unscrupulous politicians. "German" has meant at one moment a being so sentimental, so trusting, so pious, as to be too good for this world; and at another a being so brutal, so unprincipled, so degraded, as to be unfit to live. Both descriptions are true; both types of German have existed not only in the same epoch, but in the same person. Only the normal person, not particularly good, not particularly bad, healthy, sane, moderate—he has never set his stamp on German history. Geographically the people of the centre, the Germans have never found a middle-way of life, either in their thought or, least of all, in their politics. One looks in vain in their history for a just milieu, for common sense—the two qualities which have distinguished France and England. Nothing is normal in German history except violent oscillations.

## Defeats

MR. TAYLOR shows that three factors have—since the time when Charlemagne, by establishing the

Holy Roman Empire, advanced Germany from the tribal legend state—influenced this history. The first is geographic: the German lack of a defined natural frontier. The second, the Germans' ethnographical position—"always they have had two neighbours and have shown two faces." West of them lies French civilisation, heir of the Roman Empire: to the west, Germany has shown herself as a barbarian, but a sedulous pupil—imitative, anxious to learn. East lie the Slavs—"new barbarians, pressing on the Germans as the Germans pressed on Rome": to the east, Germans have been able to represent themselves as the models and the defenders of civilisation. They have defended it, Mr. Taylor says, as barbarians, employing its technicalities but without its spirit. The third factor has been the German people themselves: their inescapable national character. Acceptedly, with the individual, character is destiny: in the same sense, with a people, character is history.

Defeat seems inherent in any German effort to put into practice a political theory or to arrive at a stable form of life. Most recurrent, most tragic and most striking have been the defeats of German liberal idealism—ever renescent, ever ineffectual. The goodness of the good German has been, so far, impotent: again and again he has made his bid; again and again he has retreated from the public stage, either



Brodrick Vernon

Mr. Adam de Hegedus, the Hungarian-born author and journalist, is at work on a new book which is an introduction to nationalism, entitled "Who Started It?" Mr. de Hegedus also has a novel due for publication shortly. It was finished just before he enlisted in the British Army as a gunner, and the title is "Rehearsal Under the Moon"

into blameless, high-thinking family life or, as after the large-scale failure of 1848, to another country. The in-the-main high reputation of

Germans in the New World is due to these immigrants being of the best German moral and civic stock, whose comment upon their own country has been to leave it forever.

Mr. Taylor accounts for the German tendency to clothe new movements in the romantic trappings of the past. First rooted in Charlemagne's Holy Roman Empire, Germany drew from this prestige and status: the first two decades of the sixteenth century found her wealthy, cultured, self-confident, "standard-bearer of the Renaissance." The discovery of the New World, the opening-up of vast new resources and the re-orientation of trade routes dealt a blow to the wealth; Luther undermined the Renaissance culture. Luther, Mr. Taylor suggests, cashed in spiritually on a Germany stripped of confidence and in financial ruin.

No man [says Mr. Taylor of Luther] has ever been so representative of the German spirit, and no man has had such a deep and lasting effect on German history. Germany is the Germany of Luther to this day. He was a man of great intellectual and of supreme literary ability, with a readiness to maintain his convictions to the death. But he turned with repugnance from all the values of Western civilisation. He owed his breach with Catholicism to a visit to Rome, when he had seen, and rejected, the greatest glories of the Renaissance. He hated art, culture and intellect, and sought an escape into an imagined Germany of

(Concluded on page 248)

## Caravan Causerie

LET me confess, as a depressing start, that I love old

By Richard King

achieve the perfect brevity of that famous one in the Westminster Abbey

cloisters:

"Deare childe."

Failing rich poetry, I prefer the epitaph I recently discovered in an old Devonshire burial-ground describing the heavenly bliss of an old rider-to-hounds in terms of fox-hunting. Even the terrifying inscriptions possess a psychological interest which mere dates can never have. As carving they may be inadequate, but what could be more charming than those old tombstones surmounted by effigies of the deceased, surrounded by doll-like images of their children, boys on one side, girls on the other? Even the god-like virtues of those ancients commemorated on memorial tablets in old churches have their joy—though it is sometimes hard to believe that anyone so perfect could have lived so long!

There is something so friendly and peaceful in an old churchyard—as if the dead lay under a benediction after the stress of life—which it is not morbid to enjoy.

Neglected though many of the graves may be, with wild flowers growing over them and sheep browsing near at hand, there is a smiling peacefulness about them which is never achieved by a marble angel, however huge, with the name of the local stonemason engraved on the base. And so often you will find inscribed upon them a little verse or personal opinion which may sometimes be amusing, but makes you acquainted with the dead as if he, or she, were still one of us. Which, it seems to me, is how death should be regarded. So I welcome epitaphs, however primitive may be their expression.

In any case, our feelings and their expression should not be at the mercy of any parochial church council. I am sick to death of regimentation, aren't you?

churchyards. And I mean churchyards, not cemeteries. In an old churchyard the Dead seem sunk in Eternal Sleep. In a cemetery the Dead seem sleeping either freehold or leasehold, and the impression left behind is chilly, like those old tombstones piled against a wall so that the space they once occupied may be made a playground or a convenient resting-place in which to eat sandwiches.

An old churchyard, especially in the country, has a sacrosanct atmosphere about it—as if an angel watched over it and not a parochial church council. Besides, in an old churchyard one can generally come across epitaphs which make the dead almost quick. Epitaphs seem to have gone out of fashion, for which "At Rest" or "In hope of a Glorious Resurrection" are a poor substitute. "Mary Adamson. Born 1860. Died 1940," seems far more dead than "Emily Bollingbeck," who was:

"Born on a Thursday.

Baptised on a Thursday.

Married on a Thursday.

Broke her leg on a Thursday.

And died on a Thursday."

One longs to have known Emily, if only to have warned her always to go to bed on a Wednesday and refuse to get up until Friday morning.

Again, one would like to have known the woman on whose tombstone is inscribed:

"The trumpet sounds.

Peter calls 'Come'—

The pearly-gates open,

And in walks Mum."

There has been an objection to this epitaph apparently, which I consider not only a pity, but almost an outrage. For if our tombstones are not our own affair—I ask you, what is? One cannot always



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Bowles — Barwick**

Lt. John L. A. Bowles, R.N., only son of Capt. G. P. Bowles, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Bowles, of Folkestone, married Miss Diana M. Barwick, daughter of the late Mr. George M. Barwick, and of Mrs. Barwick, of Inholmes, Newbury, Berkshire, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



**Reid — Eakin**

Lt.-Col. Cecil F. Reid, the Wiltshire Regiment, son of the late Mr. F. L. Reid, and Mrs. Reid, of Norwich, married Miss Vivien (Bunty) Eakin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Eakin, of Ludlow and Bedford, at All Saints' Cathedral, Cairo



**Ogle — Wilson**

Lt. David Slingsby Ogle, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Ogle, of Browne's Lodge, Reigate, married Miss Dawn D. Wilson, only daughter of Major J. H. Craig Wilson, 15/19th the King's Royal Hussars, and Mrs. Craig Wilson, of 7, Abbott's Court, Kensington Square, London



**Dorman — Sprot**

Capt. Anthony Dorman, 2nd Royal Lancers (Gardner's Horse), only son of Brig. E. Dorman, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Dorman, of Rampart House, Kinsale, Co. Cork, married Miss Jean Sprot, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hearle Sprot, of Iverson Place, Ampney St. Peter, Cirencester



**Magor — Paynter**

Capt. Richard Magor, R.A., only son of Major and Mrs. Richard Magor, of Springfield Lyons, Chelmsford, married Miss Janetta Paynter, elder daughter of Brig.-Gen. George Paynter, of Eaton Grange, Grantham, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Stephenson Clarke — Marsham-Townshend**

Col. John R. Stephenson Clarke, M.C., Scots Guards, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Stephenson Clarke, of Pickwell, Bolney, Sussex, married Mrs. Marsham-Townshend, widow of Capt. Thomas Marsham-Townshend, and daughter of the late Major Lewis Lloyd, and of Mrs. Ralph Stobart, of Ringwood, Hants



**Jowett — Smallpeice**

F/Lt. Humphrey Jowett, R.A.A.F., elder son of Capt. A. C. and Mrs. Jowett, of Melbourne, Australia, married Miss Elizabeth Smallpeice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cosby Smallpeice, of Swanwick Shore, near Southampton, Hants, at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



**Hilton — Sealey**

Major Aubrey John Hilton, the King's Royal Regiment, son of the late Mr. Charles J. Hilton, and the late Mrs. Hilton, of Durham, married Miss Betty Helen Sealey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Sealey, of Lorrridge, Berkeley, Glos, at Brompton Oratory



**Lindsay — Crewdson**

Lt.-Col. Thomas Graham Lindsay, Irish Guards, only son of the late Mr. Robert W. Lindsay, and of Mrs. Lindsay, of the Glen House, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down, married Miss Dorothy Joan Crewdson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wright Crewdson, of Alderley Edge, Cheshire



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 233)

fleeting visit to Arnisdale Lodge on Loch Houran, where sport is always of the best. The Kitsons also own another enviable Scottish property—Glencoe, in Argyllshire. And, by the time you read this the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland will be at Dunrobin, now no longer a hospital, and Mr. John Donaldson-Hudson, with his actress wife, Jane Carr, will be making tracks for the misty isle of Skye, to stay with the Macleods of Skeabost.

## In Town

ENJOYING a very brief busman's holiday in town over the last fortnight has been Mr. Ray Milland, the well-known film star, whose great success in *Lady in the Dark*, with Ginger Rogers, is remembered by so many fans.

Mr. Milland, who has been entertaining troops in the Far East, is over here to discuss details of an important new British film in which he will star and which will be directed by Mr. Anthony Asquith. During his very short stay in town, Mr. Milland found time to visit his many friends here, and on quite a few occasions he was breakfasting at the May Fair at a very early hour.

Before returning to the States he spent a very enjoyable week-end at Leeds Castle, as the guest of Lady Adrian Baillie, and he was also entertained by Lady Warwick and her sister, Mrs. Sue Weldon.

Amongst others staying at the May Fair recently have been Lord and Lady Hartington, Capt. Lord Teynham and Lady Teynham, and Lord Alness, down from Scotland on important Scottish business connected with the new Government. A well-known stage star lunching there recently was Miss Wendy Hiller, whose new play, *The First Gentleman*, has received such excellent notices.

## Cocktail Party

THE cocktail party given by the Iraqi Charge d'Affaires in honour of the Regent of Iraq, though largely diplomatic, became the occasion for Members of Parliament, both "in" and "out," to meet. I saw the ex-Lord Chancellor chatting with his successor, both Lord Simon and Sir William Jowitt being with their wives. Among the "outs" were the Hon. William Astor (with his attractive bride wearing a couple of black bows on her dark hair, from which flowed a longish tulle veil), Capt. Plugge, who, with his wife, was deploring that, under present circumstances, their twins cannot be christened in the House of Commons crypt, Sir Thomas Cook with his wife, and Cdr. Stephen King-Hall. The "ins" included Mr. "Chips" Channon, Sir Thomas Moore, Sir Jocelyn Lucas (who will not be resuming any of his Allied welcome parties till the autumn), Mr. Alfred Bosson, and Lord Winterton, who brought Lady Winterton.

Mrs. Ernest Bevin was making a first appearance as wife of the new Foreign Secretary, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys (picturesque in a broad-brimmed white hat reminiscent of happy pre-war Ascot days) was in animated conversation with her.

The Spanish Ambassador was also in the crowded Dorchester Ballroom, and so were other popular diplomats, among them the Belgian Ambassador and the Brazilian, Chilean and Greek Ambassadors, as well as the Turkish Ambassador with Mme. Ünyadin, whose large black hat was very chic with its one rose on the brim.



Married in Melbourne

Miss Rosamund Anne Clifford, youngest daughter of the Hon. Lewis Clifford, of Yarra Brae, Wonga Park, Victoria, was married in Melbourne last month to S/Lt. Geoffrey Fairbairn, R.A.N.R., only son of Mrs. J. V. Fairbairn, of Mount Elephant, Derrinallum, Victoria

Lady Colleen Wellesley, daughter of Earl Cowley, of Carson City, Nevada, and of Miss May Pickard, the actress, married Capt. Paul A. Hanlon, an American Army doctor from Pennsylvania, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Anglo-American Romance

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

the past—romantic, irrational, non-European. In Luther was implicit the emotionalism of the Romantic movement, the German nationalistic sense of being different—above all, the elevation of feeling over thought, which is characteristic of modern Germany.

## Blocs and Currents

RELIGIOUS differences split across, once again, the post-Renaissance, pre-Napoleonic Germany for which integration was not yet even an aim in view. Rivalry between the princes (whose petty-grandiose but uncertain positions had always to be guaranteed by an outside power); the princes' mistrust of the landed lords, the lords' dislike of the bourgeoisie, and the bourgeoisie's indifference to the peasants, all made for a disordered uncertainty, for divided wishes and subdivided loyalties. The Free Cities adhered longest to the Renaissance past. Mainly, the princes were, or called themselves, Protestants, combating the temporal authority of Rome. The Age of Reason found a distorted reflection in such a Germany; the French Revolution had a strong emotional impact; the rise of Napoleon presented a new ideal. The eighteenth century saw the rise of Prussia, to be personified by Frederick II.—whom Mr. Taylor refuses to call "the Great." Prussia knew no natural growth, but a planned making—artificial as that of a canal: its origin was Frederick II.'s will.

The rise of Prussia, the decline of Austria colour the German nineteenth century, principal subject of Mr. Taylor's book. "Colour" is perhaps hardly the word. Those who expect, in their reading of history, personalities, battles and coups d'état, treated dramatically and pictorially, will find *The Course of German History* not easy going. It was not meant to be easy: it is a serious book—constitutional history of a nation without constitution in our sense. In this scheme, personalities make only a brief appearance, and are to be measured only by the effects they had. Not only to Frederick II. does Mr. Taylor deny the attribute of greatness: his portraits, where context allows them, are drastic—even Bismarck, he says, was hysterical and superstitiously influenced by Junker snobbism: actually, Bismarck belonged to this bleak, philistine and on-the-make aristocracy only on one side.

The book deals with groups, parties and classes, with blocs and currents, rather than individuals. It marks as turning-point years 1815, the opening scene of the German Confederation after Napoleon's fall; 1848, the year of German Liberalism; 1860, the close of the Austrian ascendancy and the beginning of the conquest of Germany by Prussia; 1871, the defeat of France by Prussia and the first phase of the Bismarckian Germany; 1890, the dismissal of Bismarck by Wilhelm II. and the coming up upon Prussia of the rest of Germany; 1906, the start of the movement of Hohenzollern Germany towards crisis; 1916, the opening, with Wilhelm II.'s dismissal of Falkenhayn and appointment of Hindenburg, of German Army rule; and 1919, the first year of the post-defeat Republican interregnum. With 1930 began demagogic dictatorship, to pursue the course we have had reason to watch; and with 1941 and the attack on Russia, the fatal turn in Germany's war fortunes.

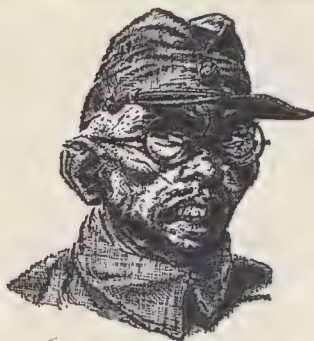
## Interplay

MR. TAYLOR has brought out two aspects of German history which are, he thinks, often overlooked: the interplay between the Little German and Great German ideas, and the conflict between Germans and Slavs. Junkers, rising industrialists, the position and policy of the Catholic Central Bloc, the part played by Academies and Universities in increasing militarisation, are all studied. Wondering whether he has put in too much, Mr. Taylor regrets the much that he has had to exclude—for example, the scope and detail of German foreign relations. I could wish the book had been longer—even, in several volumes—allowing more space for all there is to be said: its size, as it is, makes in places for an over-concentration of Mr. Taylor's writing, and, consequently, difficult reading for us. *The Course of German History* should, I know, properly be reviewed, as it has been elsewhere, by its author's fellow-historians. In attempting it, I may be temerarious. But, after all, it was written for you and me: I excuse my temerity by the strong wish that it should be read by us all.

## Boys and Horses

MARY O'HARA'S *Thunderhead* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s. 6d.) is the sequel to *My Friend Flicka*, and is the story of the remarkable white stallion first met as the gentle Flicka's foal. *Thunderhead*, equine Byron of Goose Bar Ranch, Wyoming, has as grandsire Albino, semi-legendary raider of the Wyoming spaces. The McLaughlins, owners of Goose Bar Ranch, are a quartette: Rob, his wife, Nell, and their two sons, Howard and Ken. Primitive violence and a domestic lyricism tempered by money worries alternate in the pages of Miss O'Hara's novel, which I found enjoyable, if somewhat high-pitched. Though young Ken McLaughlin is the central (human) figure, this is certainly not a children's story. The married love-affair between Ken's parents, for instance, looms large; also, the equine passages hold some blood-curdling moments calculated to keep horse-loving children awake, such as the death-fight between *Thunderhead* and Albino, and the coyotes' attack on the snowbound mare and foal. Ken's fight with the eagle is, on the other hand, in the out-and-out best *Boys' Own Paper* tradition. *Thunderhead* embodies, in an original manner, the theme of a child or young person's beloved horse retrieving the family fortunes by winning a race: its end, which is primitive, is still more original. The emotional realism throughout is, I should say, good.





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*Photographs by Dormer*



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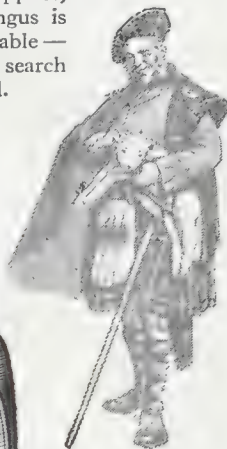
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# Bubble & Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THE American proudly exhibited a small scar.  
"See that?" he said. "I got it when I fell from the window of a room on  
the forty-fourth floor of the skyscraper where I work."  
"The forty-fourth floor, and you weren't killed?" gasped his friend, incred-  
ulously.  
"No, I was lucky—I fell inwards."

TWO schoolboy howlers:—  
In the Middle Ages the barons used to ask the king to make their friends  
courtesans.  
The difference between a king and president is that a king is the son of his  
father but a president isn't.

THE telephone had just been installed at the Browns' house.  
When Brown came home that evening, he was met by his two excited children.



Alexander Bender

Dorothy Hyson has returned to the West End  
theatre as Lady Windermere in John Gielgud's  
revival of "Lady Windermere's Fan," which  
opened last night at the Theatre Royal, Hay-  
market. Dorothy Hyson, who first appeared on  
the London stage at the age of twelve, is the  
daughter of actress Dorothy Dickson and Carl  
Heisen. In private life she is Mrs. Robert Douglas

"Daddy," cried the elder,  
"the telephone works fine.  
We've spent all day tele-  
phoning to people who are  
on the telephone and it  
worked fine all the time,  
even for people all over the  
country."

"THAT girl over there  
seems to be having a  
very good time," remarked  
one man to a friend at  
a dance.

"H'm, yes—her fiance, a  
young medical officer in  
India, is coming home to  
marry her next month."

"Well, she certainly  
seems to have solved the  
problem of what to do till  
the doctor comes!"

FROM an American paper:  
When an Englishman  
is told a joke he laughs  
three times; first to be  
polite; second, when the  
joke is explained; and third,  
when he catches on.

When a German is told  
a joke, he laughs twice;  
first, to be polite; and sec-  
ond, when the joke is ex-  
plained. He doesn't catch  
on.

When a Frenchman is  
told a joke, he laughs once;  
he catches on immediately.

When an American is  
told a joke, he doesn't laugh  
at all; he's heard it before.

AN instructor at a U.S. Army airfield in Florida had to fly down the line on  
business and took one of his students along as pilot. Coming back he dozed  
off for a bit. When he awoke, nothing below looked familiar. Picking up the  
intercom, he said to the young pilot: "Are we on course?"

"Yes, sir."

"All check points okay?"

"Yes, sir."

"How soon do you expect to land?"

"Ten minutes, sir."

There was a click, but apparently the intercom, failed to disconnect, for he  
heard the boy say under his breath: "That's what I keep telling myself."

THE scene was a maternity hospital. A nervous husband paced before the  
admission desk waiting to register his wife for immediate entrance. He fumbled  
and fidgeted. Finally he turned to the mother-to-be and asked earnestly: "Darling,  
are you quite sure you want to go through with this?"

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thoughts homewards, the Pin-Up Girl has done her bit to enliven the surroundings  
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## Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

### Atomic Aviation

HUMANITY's real grouse about the atomic bomb is concerned with exactly the same thing as its grouse against aviation. That is the unfavourable balance between construction and destruction.

When the aeroplane was invented exactly the same things were said about it that are now being said about the atomic bomb. It was hailed as a triumph of technical and engineering work and the advantages it could confer upon mankind were painted in glowing colours. The disadvantages and dangers were also mentioned. We have had enough experience of aviation now to know that the scales tip heavily on the side of the disadvantages. The balance is not even.

With the atomic bomb we can be practically certain that a similar state of affairs will result. The method of nuclear fission has its valuable applications. It should make available vast amounts of cheap power. It should enable the work of the world to be done by a few men sitting in armchairs so that everybody else can spend their lives at the cinema—which seems to be the modern ideal existence. But all past experience suggests that this constructive side will lag behind the destructive.

As the Japanese war approached its end President Truman said that bigger and better atomic bombs were on the way. But the idea that the principle can be used constructively is treated with the utmost caution by all informed commentators. They speak of many years passing before constructive use can be made of atomic energy. So if we are not careful the atom is going to go the way of the aeroplane and be much more a curse than a blessing. The only hope of a reversal of the past process is contained in a new outlook on life throughout the world.



**Group Captain Peter Hugo**, the South African fighter pilot, who has won a string of D.S.O.s and D.F.C.s for his countless destruction of enemy aircraft throughout the war, has recently returned from North Africa and Italy. He was at one time C.O. of the famous Number 41 Fighter Squadron of Battle of Britain fame and succeeded Douglas Bader as leader of the Tangmere Wing

### The Collegians

ONE charge cannot be brought against the College of Aeronautics which is to be set up in accordance with the recommendations of Sir Roy Fedden's Committee, and that charge is one of parsimony in the financial provisions. Students at the College are going to be the most expensively educated people in Great Britain—a point which Professor Southwell and Mr. Wimperis both brought out when the plans were first being discussed some months ago. But the list of the Board of Governors inspires confidence and perhaps we shall get full value from the large sums that are to be spent.

The chairman is to be Air Chief Marshal Sir Edgar Ludlow-Hewitt and members include Sir Roy Fedden himself, Sir Frederick Handley Page, and Sir Melvill Jones. It would be a mistake to suppose that all future research interest lies with atomic energy and that the ordinary aeroplane is as out of date as the antimagassar. Things I have been hearing of the German work on new and ultra high-speed aircraft show that the scope is still enormous. Some of the German designers were contemplating man-carrying aircraft capable of speeds far beyond anything yet claimed for any existing machine. And these claims already go pretty high. The de Havilland Vampire, which has the de Havilland Goblin jet unit, does more than 500 miles an hour, and the

American Shooting Star or P-80 has a speed of over 550 miles an hour. But these speeds are chicken feed to the sort of things the Germans were thinking about. And the interesting point is that my speculation the other day about wing shapes is confirmed by the latest German work. The ultra-high-speed machines have the main wings swept back at as steep an angle as forty-five degrees and the tailplane likewise swept back. So here we have the shape of the swallow almost exactly repeated in man-made machines. These aircraft if they ever come to be built will be of the utmost interest.

Meanwhile, several great constructors in this country are thinking hard of tailless lines or on the lines of tail units in only one plane.

### Lighter Than Air

THE story put out by the Goodyear Tyre Company about the filling of aircraft tyres with helium in order to save weight reminds one of the old lady who asked Sir Alan Cobham during one of his early flights how often he had to blow up the wings of his machine. The helium does appear to produce a valuable saving. For instance, a 110-inch aircraft tyre takes 92 lb. for inflation with air but only 13 lb. with helium, so the saving on the two main wheels of a large aircraft's undercarriage would be the weight of a woman—or at least some woman—that is to say, 158 lb.

This is the kind of improvement which the Americans are quick to seize on and make use of. Even better, however, from the theoretical point of view, was the invention of Mr. B. N. Wallis for doing away altogether with rubber tyres in aircraft undercarriages. He has specified a most interesting undercarriage—a multi-wheel type with no shock absorption in the wheels themselves, the whole thing being taken on the shock-absorber legs. He makes out an excellent case for this undercarriage as being one which would prevent bouncing and give good riding properties when taxi-ing.



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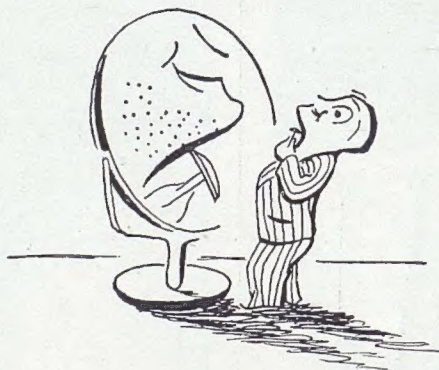


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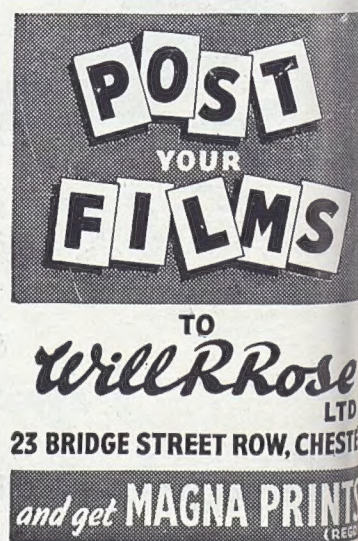


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